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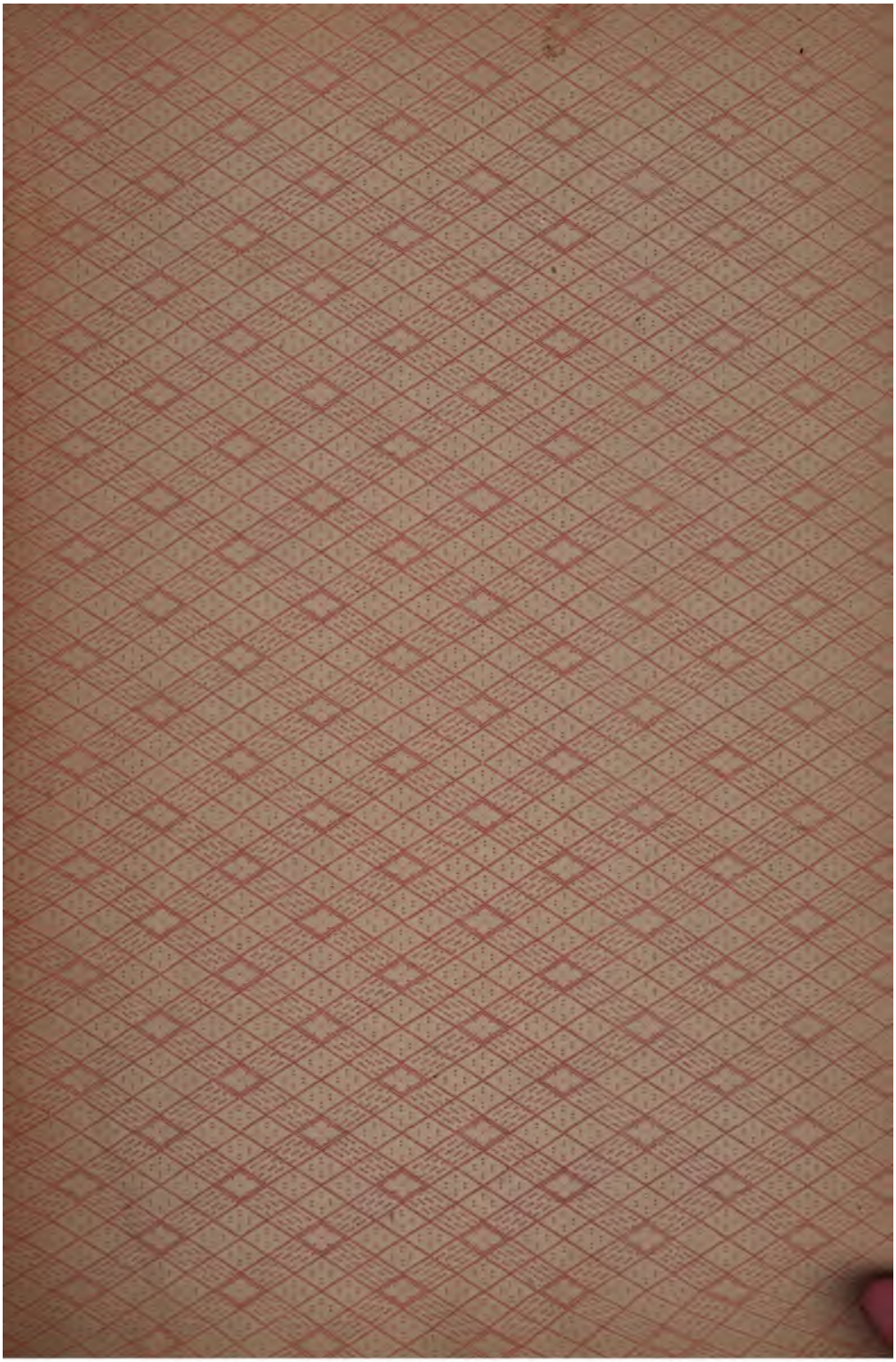

BURNS' BIRTH-PLACE.

The Centennial Birth-day OF ROBERT BURNS

AS CELEBRATED BY THE

1759 1859

Burns Club of the City of New York

TUESDAY. JANUARY. 25TH 1859.

EDITED BY J. CUNNINGHAM.

PUBLISHED BY LANG & LAING,
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1860.

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Robert Burns.

HAIL, Caledonia! land of song and story,—
  Land of the fair, the virtuous and the brave!
The brightest star that sheds on thee its glory
  Rose from the darkness of thy Burns's grave:
That star shall be a light among the nations
  When prouder orbs have faded and grown dim,
And hailed with pride by coming generations,
  For man yet knows not all he owes to him.

His strains have nerved the feeble 'gainst oppression,—
  Aroused in true men's hearts a scorn of wrong,—
Pointed the hopeless to man's sure progression,
  And taught the weak to suffer and be strong.
Lessons like these the soul of man shall cherish
  While through his heart the ardent life-blood springs:
One burning thought, at least, can never perish—
  An honest man's above the might of kings.

While noble souls shall glow with warm emotion,—
  While Woman loves and Genius pants for fame,—
While Truth and Freedom claim man's deep devotion,
  True hearts shall throb responsive to his name.
Then weep not, Scotland, though thy minstrel slumbers;
  Still lives the spirit of his song sublime,—
Still shall the music of his deathless numbers
  Thrill in all hearts and vibrate through all time.

J. C.

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BURNS CLUB

OF THE

CITY OF NEW YORK.

JANUARY 25th, 1859.

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PREFACE.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF JANUARY, 1859, was a day worthy to be kept in perennial remembrance. On that day, in every part of the civilized globe, there was accorded to the memory of a man of genius, and to the manly sentiments which he had expressed, a tribute of homage more sincere, spontaneous, and universal, than the world had ever before witnessed. In every land, the lofty and the lowly, the humble and the proud,—men of mighty intellect, and plain unlettered men,—met to honor the memory of one whose simple songs and honest, manful utterances had furnished a "touch of nature which made the whole world kin,"—and to render the simultaneous verdict that "the man of independent mind is king of men." Eloquence poured forth its loftiest strains, and rough, uncultured men felt their noblest instincts stir within them, and were elevated and refined by the inspiration of the hour.

And when, on that day,—in the lordly hall or the humble cot,—the strong proud man, the tender woman, or the lisping

child, with mingled admiration, love and pity, syllabled the name of Robert Burns, no doubt could linger that his name had become a Power in the earth never more to be forgotten, contemned, or ignored. The musical words of the poor peasant, glowing with the nobleness of his own soul, had borne their eternal truths to the heart of Humanity, there to be enshrined, to operate in the history and modify the destiny of his race forever.

Among the many brilliant demonstrations on that day, in Great Britain and America, it will not be questioned that the celebration by the Burns Club of New York should be classed among those entitled to the highest consideration. The oration delivered on the evening preceding the Anniversary, by one of the most eminent and popular orators of the day, was of itself a distinguishing feature. At the Anniversary Festival at the Astor House, one of the most illustrious poets, as well as one of the most respected citizens, of America, lent his fame and his presence to the occasion, as the honorary presiding officer; while at his side another, whose fame is identified with the name of Burns, added lustre to the gathering. The Pulpit, the Press, and the Bar furnished some of their ablest representatives; and men eminent in every honorable position presented an assembly distinguished for intellectual excellence and high character, probably never surpassed in the city of New York on any similar occasion. And in all the world on that day, the pervading sentiment of the occasion found no

more eloquent expression than that which fell upon the ears of those within the Astor House. This attempt, therefore, to furnish some account of a commemoration so rare and so remarkable, will not be regarded with surprise.

The proceedings which are reported in the following pages, and the tributes of intellect and genius which are annexed, have been collected in this volume with the design of furnishing in a proper form a record worthy of preservation, to those who participated on the occasion, and to others who may desire to have combined in an appropriate setting the gems of eloquence which added brilliance to the commemoration.

It is designed, also, to place copies of this memorial in the public libraries of the city; and when the first Centennial Birth-day of Burns has receded far in the past, they may be found of occasional value for reference, by the curious or the interested. Time will increase rather than diminish the value of such a record. Whatever social or political revolutions may occur in the progress of events, it seems now not unreasonable to hope and believe that the sentiments which have given to Burns such influence in the hearts of his fellow-men, may in the future meet even a more willing and universal acceptance than they do to-day. And probably a hundred years hence his memory will be honored as ardently as now. And should some two or three of these little books survive the chance and change of a century of years, the men of that time, when they meet to celebrate the Second Centennial

Birth-day of the Bard, may rejoice to find, in the record of eminent men who have honored the First, some of the "few immortal names that were not born to die:" some who, like Burns, have been proved the benefactors of their race, and whose memories, like his, are fresh and green in the hearts of their fellow-men.

January 25, 1860.

THE

CENTENNIAL

BIRTH-DAY OF ROBERT BURNS,

AS CELEBRATED BY THE

Burns Club of the City of New York.

PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS.

For several months previous to the close of the year 1858, the Burns Club held in contemplation the approaching Centennial Anniversary, with the view of adopting such measures as should seem best adapted to render their celebration worthy the occasion, and such as would be expected of the empire city of America. Being also disposed to promote an appropriate enthusiasm and concert of action throughout the North American continent, they issued, early in October, 1858, a Circular, of which the following is a copy:

Astor House, New York, October, 1858.

The Burns Club of the City of New York being desirous of celebrating the approaching centennial anniversary of the Birth-day of Scotland's most honored Poet, Robert Burns, in a manner worthy the occasion and creditable to the chief city of the Western Hemisphere; and believing that such celebration should, as far as possible, be united and general throughout the North American continent, take this method of announcing to kindred associations in the cities of Great Britain, the United States and the British Provinces, that they will be gratified to make arrangements with them for such co-operation as may be practicable for the purpose of

giving united expression to those sentiments of reverence for the memory and admiration for the genius of the Poet of Humanity, which, while especially natural and becoming to his countrymen, find an echo and a sympathy in the hearts of the people of America, and of every civilized nation.

It is the design of the Burns Club of New York to celebrate the occasion by a Festival Dinner at the Astor House; by telegraphic exchanges with the principal cities of Scotland and other parts of Great Britain, if practicable; and by such other ceremonies as may be deemed appropriate and judicious. The participation and co-operation of the Clubs of this country and the Canadas, and also of such other associations as may feel an interest in the occasion, are earnestly desired, either by written communication, telegraphic dispatches, or delegations, the preliminaries of which may be arranged by previous correspondence. Any suggestions which may tend to render the demonstration more general, united and effective, will be cordially entertained.

Communications with reference to the proposed arrangements may be addressed to Vair Clirehugh, Corresponding Secretary of the Burns Club of the city of New York, at the Astor House.

The foregoing Circular, signed by the proper officers, was extensively distributed in the principal cities of the United States, the Canadas, and Great Britain. The Press of this city and country, generally, aided very cordially in giving publicity to the design expressed therein: in many instances publishing the circular entire, and referring to it editorially. Several of the leading newspapers of London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other places in Great Britain, also accorded to it special and favorable notice. There is reason to believe that the extensive distribution of this circular contributed in a large degree to the brilliant general result on the day of the Anniversary. Communications were received from all parts of the United States, from Great Britain and elsewhere, giving evidence that in many instances it had suggested a celebration of the day where none had been contemplated, and stimulated enthusiasm where preparations had been made.

[It is proper to remark, that at the time the circular was

issued, the immediate practical operation and success of the great Atlantic Telegraph was generally anticipated. And it would indeed have been a peculiarly fitting and crowning consummation of the celebration, if those who were assembled in the Old World and the New, to honor the memory of ROBERT BURNS, could on that day have been united, as it were, by actual contact.]

Among other arrangements made by the Burns Club for the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary, invitations were issued, at the suggestion of the presiding officers, to Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT and Mr. EDWARD M. ARCHIBALD, to occupy the honorary positions of Chairman and Croupier, at the Festival at the Astor House, which invitations were courteously accepted by those gentlemen. It was also decided that an oration by some able and distinguished man would be an appropriate and effective feature. Application was accordingly made, for this purpose, to Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER; and that gentleman having acceded to the proposition, the large hall of the Cooper Institute was engaged for the evening of Monday, Jan. 24, 1859. The result exceeded all anticipation. Long before the hour appointed, on the evening named, an eager crowd had assembled; and upon the opening of the doors the hall was filled in every part, every seat in the auditorium and upon the platform being occupied.

The *N. Y. Herald* of Jan. 25, 1859, speaking of this assembly, says: "The doors of the Institute were thrown open to the public at seven o'clock, and in half an hour after, every available seat in the auditorium was occupied, as well as the special seats prepared on the platform. Among the audience we noticed some of our most prominent and intellectual citizens."

The *Scottish American Journal* of Jan. 29, 1859, in intro-

ducing its report of the oration, remarked: "There were three thousand people present, and among the audience were several of the most prominent citizens of New York. Although the hour for the commencement of the lecture was eight o'clock, between six and seven the doors were besieged by large numbers of ladies and gentlemen eager to gain admission. The lecturer met with a very enthusiastic reception, and throughout the course of his address, which occupied an hour and a quarter in delivery, was warmly applauded."

The President of the Club introduced Mr. BEECHER to the audience, and acknowledged the courtesy of the "Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen," who had kindly conceded to the Burns Club their right to the use of the Cooper Institute for that evening. Mr. BEECHER then proceeded to deliver the address which will be found in the ensuing pages.

Oration,

BY

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I come upon your invitation, gentlemen of the Burns Club, friends and fellow-citizens, to celebrate with one half of the civilized world, and with the whole world of letters, the birth of a farmer's boy, who became a ploughman, a flax-dresser, an exciseman and gauger, and who was reputed also to have become a poet. One hundred years ago, January 25th, 1759, Agnes Brown Burness gave to the world her son, Robert Burns. The father and the mother were Scotch. The son only took Scotland on his way into the whole world. While we allow Scotchmen a suitable national pride in their chief poet, we cannot allow the world to be robbed of their right and interest in Burns. And yet there never was born to that land, so fertile in men, a truer Scotchman; and it is the peculiar admiration and glory of the man, that in spite of obscurity, bred to all the local influences, Scotch in bone, in muscle, in culture, and in dialect, he rose higher than the special and national, and achieved his glory in those elements which unite mankind, and make all nations of one blood. While men of science are groping about the signs of external man, and debating the origin and unity of races, a poet strikes the fundamental chords, and all races, peoples, and tongues hear, understand, and agree; so that the poet is, after all, the true ethnologist. The human heart is his harp, and he who knows

how to touch that with skill, belongs to no country, can be shut in by no language, nor sequestered by any age. He belongs to the world and to the race.

The father of Burns, William Burness—the poet contracted the name when he published his first volume—was a genuine man in his way. He had a head, and a heart, and a pair of hands, all of which were kept exceedingly busy in prolonging a desperate fight for life and comfort. He was a man of stern probity, of the deepest religious convictions, and of an indomitable will. He expected much of all his family, but was sterner with himself than with any other. His only amusement was speculative theology, but that did not injure his morals, for he was a man of scrupulous integrity to the last—clean to the very fountain of honor; yet was irascible, and when unduly thwarted, violent in temper. He held up his head like a brave swimmer in a rough sea, until the waves fairly beat him down. William Burness never prospered. His son says of him; "Stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong, ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances in the path of fortune." It is not the rigor of integrity which stands in any man's way. It is the indiscriminate stiffening of everything by the rigor of pride saturated with conscience; for God has built the human form to combine the utmost stiffness with the utmost litheness. There are bones for stiffness, and there are joints for limberness. So with the character. It is to be built upon the sternest elements of truth and justice, but somewhere there must be litheness and pliableness. If there are no joints in the character, no supple motion, and if the tastes, opinions and prejudices, likes and dislikes, are all solidified into a multiplex conscience, no man can get along in life. It was a little too much of this ossification which made William Burness too stiff to fight well.

Some parents seem to be the mere antecedents of their children. As ships sometimes are built far up the stream where timber abounds and only float down and out of the estuary, so it would seem of some men that they owe their natures to their grand-parents or some body far up the stream of generations. Burns' father possessed very much the same character as his son. The same moral honesty, the same pride, the same violence of feeling, the same penetration of men, the same breadth of understanding, the same impatience of restraint from without, the same unfitness for thriving in worldly matters, the same longing for wealth, for its independence, and contempt for the means of getting wealth, belonged to the father and the more illustrious son. Only, besides the father, Robert Burns carried in him a great deal of the mother; and if he had carried more he would have been better, for the father is the bush and the mother is the blossom, and the fruit germ is always in or under the blossom. Agnes Brown was a woman of humble birth, that is, she was born as every body else is born. It will not do to say "king's babe and beggar's brat." Being born is a very humble business at any rate, and there is very little difference in crying, in sleeping, in eating, for in the cradled unconsciousness of babes the world over, there is very much of a sameness. It is very plain that she was effectually born, however. It is thought by some that men have lived in a world before this and that they are set out a second time here—though it would be difficult to imagine in many cases what they grew in, if this was the second growth, yet Agnes Brown was an exception; she brought along with her from that dim source of human life, wherever or whatever it was, the seed of many rare and precious faculties. Central and strong was her heart. It had that deep nature which religion always gives. It is faith in the invisible and in the infinite that rolls out the sea into an

unhedged ocean and makes the thought long and deep. Any nature without depth of moral feeling is but a river pilot steering a light craft near the river banks, and thumping along at every turn upon the sand or mud. As the stream of her life ran far above the bottom, it did not carry many ripples upon its surface. She was calm, gentle, and of a heavenly temper. She was a good house-keeper, which is a very brave and noble thing in woman, and a thing often requiring more mind and tact than to govern a nation, as nations are governed. But while she wrought and arranged, she chatted and sung, for Burns' mother was the mother of Burns' poetry. Her songs and ballads were in great store and of a moral aim. The song which she loved most to sing and Burns most loved to hear, was "The Life and Age of Man," comparing the periods of human life to the months of the year; and Burns says of his grand-uncle that during many years of his blindness he had no greater enjoyment than that of crying, while his mother sang that ballad to him. Ah, how many sweet sounds there are in this world, how many sounds of air and water, how many songs of birds and sounds of musical instruments; but when all is said, neither has man invented any musical instrument, nor has nature in all her choir and orchestra any thing which for sweetness is like a mother's voice singing through the house, while she labors—songs, hymns, and ballads—the children sleep, dream of angels, and awake and say "Mother!" With such a father and such a mother, Burns could not help himself. Of course he must be an Apollo's arrow with such a mother for a bow, and with such a father for a string; and the bow abides in its strength, and the string is uncut, and the arrow still flies, and sounds in flying. The father of Burns had just built, and poorly built, a clay cottage on the banks of the Doon, county of Ayr, and scarcely had the poet learned to live, that is, to

cry, before a rude storm beat down the tenement. That storm never spent itself, but blew after him all his life long. He was wont, in the days of his trouble, with gloomy playfulness, to attribute the violence of his passions to the tempest which ushered himself into the world; and these passions certainly succeeded in blowing down the clay-built tenement in which he himself dwelt. As a child we have little record of him except his own reminiscences in his various letters. He was not precocious. His earlier years seem to have been purely receptive. He was unconsciously receiving his education. It was a good education. There was no Latin nor Greek in it; but as he did not intend to sing in those tongues, there was no special reason in his case for learning them. They were dead languages; he was a living man—a living singer. His father and mother taught him morals and religion. An old servant, Jenny Wilson, took charge of his imagination, fired and fed it by such a collection of tales and songs concerning devils, fairies, brownies, spunkies, warlocks, wraiths, apparitions, cantraps, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery, as I suppose no poet had ever received before or since. But Burns' imagination was not superstitious, notwithstanding such a beginning; it was eminently simple, natural, and transparent; so that these tales only stimulated but did not subdue, nor even educate his imagination. They fell upon his young fancy as coarse fertilizers upon the farmer's field, which enter in the earth black and noisome, but re-appear as flowers, seeds, and fruit. Nature was also at work in his education. I mean the physical world without him held up to him clouds or cloudless heavens, morning and evening, rivers, thickets, rocks and ravines, birds, flowers, and harvest-fields, and whatever else comes into the ear-gate or the eye-gate. Some natures gain nothing from this great school-master, Nature. They are like dogs in Raphael's

studio, or in Michael Angelo's house; they get meat there, but never learn to paint or to carve. But other men are sensitive to all that nature does, as if God stood visibly before them and showed his hand while drawing forms and laying on the colors; and Burns was one of these.

But great pains was taken with young Burns to give him all the advantage of the school learning that the times, the neighborhood, and his parents' scanty means could supply. A Scotch farmer's house is itself no mean school. There is learned at least a deal of local history and legendary lore which books are not apt to contain. There the child is taught to ponder and dispute in speculative theology — a practice which in education is of wonderful power. Whatever we may think of the truth or the wisdom of the elements of speculative theology, no man can be from his childhood taught to go forth in these wide-reaching views of divine government and human destiny, without having a deep place in his nature touched; and no man can mount to the great speculations of free will and divine decrees, and do battle with them without gaining both dialectic skill and some arousing of the imagination. But though Burns declined from the rigid faith of the kirk, and leaned towards new lights, yet he had breathed an atmosphere which affected his mind to the end. In succession, he went to school to Mr. Campbell—(I mention the names of these men, who are great, because of their connection with him)—and afterwards to Mr. Murdock in the town of Ayr. At nineteen he spent a short time at school at Kirkeswold, where he learned mensuration, engineering, and what not. In the meantime Burns had read Bunyan, who if once read will be remembered forever. He says—"The idea I formed of modern manners and literature and criticism, I got from the *Spectator*. These with Pope's works, which could

add nothing to Burns' only as an aid in smoothing his style, some plays in Shakspeare, Dickson on Agriculture, Locke on the Understanding, (and a better one was never put on,) — Stackhouse's History of the Bible, Boyle's Lectures, Allan Ramsay's works, Taylor's Scriptural History of Original Sin, a Select Collection of English Songs, and Harvey's Meditations, formed the whole of my readings." These books were well enough, for in sooth neither schoolmaster nor books made Robert Burns. He did not derive his tempestuous nature from books. His tender love, his sympathy, his personal relationship to whatever in nature was beautiful, his penetration of human life, his mournful melancholy, his love of man, of liberty, of power, and grandeur,—the roots of Burns' works, you shall not find in any of these books. They are good books. It is the reader who makes a good book. They were great books when Burns read them; but you shall not find his teachers there. It was the created and unwritten book of God that taught Robert Burns. Let us look at him at fourteen. He was a coarse, awkward, graceless, lubberly boy; of a silent way, not given to mirth, not quick, and utterly unlike a poet. But he knew how to work. As early as fourteen he became skillful as a ploughman, and at fifteen he was the head workman on his father's farm. Let it be said here that Burns was never a lazy, shiftless man, who took to poetry as a fair excuse for neglecting hard work. No man ever worked more patiently or uncomplainingly than did he; and though for years he fought desperately against discouragement on his father's farm, when he afterwards became a farmer for himself, he never shrank from toil—the rudest, coarsest, and most uncongenial to his poetic temperament.

But we must not anticipate. Burns is now twenty; but his hand is on the harp. His life is fairly begun—the sad life

of a glorious man full of noble impulses stumbling in a rough way, full of the most congenial and tender affections, grasping mankind by the heart, and aiming in all his essential works to crown his human life with goodness. But before we venture upon that career of mingled good and ill, we must stop and ask what Burns was—for there are some who press upon him vehemently with the sins of his life, and some who as rashly defend them at the expense of good morals.

That he violated his own moral sense, his own solemn and bitter words do show. Difficult indeed is it to equal the awful solemnity of Burns' bitter words. He was his own Rhadamanthus. He carried conviviality to excess, violated his own principles of virtue, and grafted license upon love.

Burns is not helped when we deny these mournful facts of his sad life, or when we palliate them to a degree which shall make them less guilty in a poet than in every man. Let them stand if they are facts. We must recognize them. In drawing his character, while we give it all the lights, we must not shrink from the fidelity of the shadows also. But although immoralities are never to be excused by what a man is not, yet what a man is will determine the severity and leniency of our condemnation. How a ship behaves upon the sea, depends not alone upon the skill of those who manage her, but also upon the way in which it was built. How was Burns built? Burns was endowed with a masculine understanding, clear and penetrating, that saw things by their whole, intuitively, and not in detail. His mind was logical in thought, not in things. He was wiser as a thinker than as an actor, for the part of the mind, which is the ground of the instinct which gives management, tact, and thrift in the common things of life, was not eminent in him. He inherited a pride, which wrought in him a most intense sense of personality, which gave him a very

high ideal of manliness, which inspired an undying longing for a well-earned glory, which made him suspicious of all above him, and a patron and protector of all below him—a pride which, acting in one way, sustained him under a load of ill-success, and which, turning inward, ate his heart out, because he could not rise. I know not from which parent he took his heart; from both of them, I think. He was generous, like his father, who was more kind to others than to himself. He had the depth and tenderness of his mother's heart, but not her calmness and evenness. Her heart lay tranquil, like one of the sweet lakes of Scotland. His beat as the ocean beats and surges on the western shore of Scotland. It has been the fashion to speak of Burns as having a light fancy, easily kindled by the glance of beauty, and as easily extinguished. Nothing can be more untrue. No heart was ever truer or more enduring in its affections. He never loved to cast off; but each love was but another link, not always golden, of that long chain of which his heart was the immovable staple. He loved men, he loved animals, and whatever grew, if it only grew in Scotland. His loving nature was wonderful. No man can form any estimate of either the good or bad that was in him, who does not study Burns' heart, whose tides were as deep as the ocean's, and sometimes as tempestuous. That he was more susceptible to women than men is not strange. The same thing has happened before. And though he best loved woman, woman was not the only subject of his affection. In his better moods, universal being circled into his affections. His nature overspread universal human life, as the great arch overspreads the world with benign brightness by day, and drops down upon it mute dews by night. And to this we must add that peculiar kind of emotion, which you may call fancy, imagination, or poetic vision—that divine

element of the soul which teaches it to see the soul of things, and not their material bodies, which clothes everything it looks upon with beauty and grace, which works with sounds, forms, and movements, and evolves a subtle grace in them all. The soul that has this divine element is as a divine wardrobe; the eye, ear, and mind are almoners going forth and clothing all things with a radiant apparel.

Besides these faculties, there were two other elements which largely influenced Burns' life and determined his character. The first is his hereditary taint of melancholy. The other was his temperament. From his earliest life, and in all his poems, we see that dark and desponding tone which so wonderfully contrasts with other salient traits of his character. At times it seems as if the great world of despondency swung round between him and the sun, and he lay in fearful eclipse, hopeless, gloomy, wretched, and tormented. Had his life been successful, it may be believed that with vigorous health, and with praise which would gratify his pride, and with full opportunity to put forth his unvexed powers, he would have risen above this malady. But strong in youth, it grew stronger when evil habits broke his constitution and poverty was pinching him with want more and more. And his own moral nature adding remorse to despondency, this natural hypochondria became almost a fatal malady. Nor is it less important that we should consider his temperament, for on that depends much of the credit which some men have both for prudence and self-control, and the reverse. We believe that later physiologists agree in this, that in the human system there is a portion of the nervous matter, whose function is to produce general sensibility without regard to the special faculties of the mind. Thus, a sound of music falling upon two ears, fills one with the most thrilling sensibility, while the other receives

it calmly; not that the musical faculty is more acute in one than the other, but that the whole nervous system receives more readily. This fact becomes more apparent in morbid states of health. The sounds which are of no consequence at other times fill the whole mind with excessive emotion; so that in estimating the power of feeling in any man, we must look to the development and combination of the separate faculties of mind in their normal creative power, and then next to the general sensibility of the whole nervous system, under the influence of which the special faculties are attempered. Some men with strong minds and hearts have a low temperament and are deficient in general sensibility. Their feelings are gradually worked up; they have an equable nature; they heat as iron heats. Some men heat as powder heats; that is, a touch and explosion. It is not a trouble to some men to maintain an equable, temperate medium; they are by nature cool, unimpassioned, and unexcitable. The sins of such men are usually the sins that collect upon the not-doing side of life, moth, mildew, mold, mistletoe, rust. But such men are unfit judges for those who have imperious sensibilities. Men who hear thunder as if it were the hand of a friend knocking at the door are not fit to judge of men in whose ear the same hand knocking at the door sounds like thunder. Robert Burns was eminently a man who had this excessive sensibility. He overflowed with strength of feeling. His capacity for generating sensibility was prodigious. His one nature carried enough for twenty common men of mere force of feeling. He never trickled drop by drop prudentially, but he gushed. He never ran a slender thread of silver water; he came down, booming, all broad, like one of his own streams, when a shower has touched and broken upon the mountain; and there never was any proportion between the cause and the effect:

a mouse, a flower, a hare had him in their power whatever time his heart was opened. The daisy which went under when he ploughed was not so much subjected to the iron ploughshare as he was to the touch of the daisy's modest look. All the powers of his nature were subjected to this same sudden overflow. He thought as dragoons charge. He felt life as prairies feel autumnal fires, with their leaping flames outrunning the fleetest deer and all before them, and leaving, alas, too often ashes and smoke behind them. He suffered as if fiends possessed him, and enjoyed as if angels carried him in their bosom. There he stands, like the mountains of his own land—often capped with storms, oftener shrouded with mists, and scarred with ravines; often thundering with the sound of rushing waters which dashed down the valley, tearing up roads and sweeping away bridges. But there, also, birds brooded and sung; sweet flowers found foot-room; pure lakes and rock-bound brooks looked silently up to God; the spice-bush, and vines purple with berries, and grass, and moaning pines and wind-waved larches—these all held fellowship—the stern and the gentle, the rugged and the beautiful, the pure and the turbid, the massive, and the sweetest, tenderest littleness of beauty! Strange fellowship of opposition in the one man! The world has never seen his like!

Now, our problem is—how was this very sensitive creature—proud, loving, ambitious, yearning, ringing with every imagination, with a head better for thought than for things, with a heart that every body could kindle and nobody put out—how was he to make his way upwards in life, from poverty and wretchedness into large success? It is not the question, how shall a man carry a small cup half full without spilling, but how shall a man carry a great cup brimfull, over a rough road, and in a stormy night, without spilling? It is not, how well a machine

can raise just steam enough to get along; but how an engine shall get along that makes more steam than it can overwork or cast off, trembling with inward intensity as it runs with open throttle and open furnace doors, singing at every seam and hissing at every rivet? The question we propound to you, is not what is right, what is duty—all are agreed as to that—but what shall this Robert Burns do? With that nature of his, compounded of such astonishing opposites—with the profoundest melancholy, and a sociability varying from a smile to roaring revelry—with an overflowing heart of kindness and love, and a pride as high and stern as the lordliest monarch on his throne—with an understanding so clear and practical that no shams or cant could for a moment deceive or mystify it—with an imagination so strong and transparent that it gave another nature than its own to every thing, and almost every person—with an honor and conscience so high that he would sooner have died than spoken a falsehood or broken a plighted word; and with such a fancy, that all things were magnified and distorted—his friends were angels and his enemies devils; homely faces, handsome; simple and common natures, divine; good men, hideous; and upright men, wicked; with such a keen relish for life, that he thrilled all his companions with merriment, as a drum wakes a camp, and yet despising the world, and walking above men, as shadows—yearning for immortality! It is one of the strangest, the richest, and most remarkable of human histories the world has ever recorded.

Gilbert, the eldest brother, the plain honest brother; Robert, the wonderfully compounded man, were at school together. Robert was the dunce, Gilbert was the merry and witty one; Robert was as little known to himself as to others. One thing was plain; he was no sentimental laggard. His father had a hard farm and a desperate strife for a livelihood. Robert made

at fortune with a resolution, industry and patience which would have conquered, if it could have been done by fine furrows and the handsome cast of the hand in sowing seed. At the age of thirteen, he assisted in all the labors of the farm. At fourteen, he feared no competitor with scythe, sickle or plough. At fifteen, he was the principal laborer on the farm; and at this age he would appear to have had the very stuff, out of which to have made a plodding yeoman. He speaks of his sufferings, and of his doom as the tramp and moil of a galley-slave. In this way, and all this time, he was seizing every thing in his way, and pushing in every direction, studying all the nicer shades of the language, a critic as he styles himself, in verbs and substantives. In his labors he carried with him a book of National Songs. He pored over these Scotch ballads, every word of which was to him like the voice of a spirit, calling him by name. Next Burns goes to school at Kirkeswald to learn surveying. He is nineteen; he is unfolding and with very little to help him, and with no one to understand him. He is full of all manner of strange things of a most contrary description, but all alike in being strong and impetuous. Here his social nature unfolds, and his intuitive sense of character displays itself. He learns to read men, and a yet more dangerous literature, for his studies were all stopped short by falling in love with a damsel living next door. He went out to take an observation of the sun, saw her, and stopped. He goes home, hungering for letters and improving his style by every diligence, and opening correspondence with every man who could write a creditable letter. His soul was struggling and it had no helper. Again, he is at home upon his father's farm, at Lockley. He is twenty years of age, and reading Mackenzie and Sterne, both sentimentalists; one poor and feeble, and the other strong and evil. That great nature, all alive, had no

legitimate channel yet. No man said to him, "God sent you, Burns, into life to be a poet;" but every man said to him, "Burns, you are born to be a farmer." Burns thought so too. He tried to be one. All his understanding, conscience and filial piety were forcing him into a kind of life, which was both uncongenial and unnatural. Is it surprising that nature, denied in her highest endowments, should re-act somewhere, and that Burns, who in his social life possessed a power of conversation which gave him superiority to all about him, should sometimes overflow with revelry?

But affairs were dark at Lockley. The farm will do better with flax, and Robert goes to Irvine to learn flax dressing, while his father and Gilbert remain at home to raise the crop. He is twenty-two years of age, with a soul fully awake, and all his powers beating in him for some natural exercise; his poetry, his love, his rugged patriotism, his philosophic meditations, and his rare and exquisite sensibility for natural beauty—are all set down to break flax and hatchel it. This is good work for a poet. Why, yes, poets, artists, and geniuses can do any thing, if they only know that they are artists, poets, and geniuses; and that a homely tool is the mere means by which they are to attain to better things. But if they do not know their mission, if they are coming and going with all the moods of contraband sensibility, ignorant of their mission, and supposing that life's business is flax dressing, and that they are wasting their life-power in that engrossing and delightful business; is it strange that there should be such rebellion?

This many-sided but all insided man, had not yet concentrated himself on any thing that was appropriate to him. The forces he was striving to use were secondary, but those which were his real and predestined elements were only allowed to play alternatively. So he was inverting his life on the very

threshold, and aiming at the wrong thing conscientiously, and only by stealth employing the glorious elements for whose very sake he had been born into the world. What a strange position! At one time he appears as a disputant at Calvinistic theology—a good occupation—at another time rollicking with high fellows at a smuggling life, more full of force and brave daring than of moral honesty. At another he is in love and jilted; then lamenting his fate; then, yet worse, he is obliged to endure public censure for the violation of rectitude, which no man despised more than he. Next he is writing to his father, and his very sincerity in contrast with his vain ways, makes it seem the more extraordinary. He says:

"The weakness of my nervous system has so debilitated my mind, that I dare neither review the past events or look into futurity, for the least anxiety or perturbation produces the most unhappy effects upon my whole frame; and sometimes, when for an hour or two my spirits are enlightened and I glimmer into futurity, I am quite transported at the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid eternal adieu to all the pains, uneasiness, and disquietudes of this weary life; for, I assure you, I am heartily tired of it. But if I do not deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it."

This letter was dated the 23rd of December. Three days afterward his mind was won back so that he consented to join in a carouse to welcome in the New Year; and as the merriment of that occasion ran high, a spark caught the flax, and the work of six months was burned in as many minutes.

The next two years, his twenty-third and twenty-fourth, his outward life was dull; his real life, sociality—good and bad. His poetry was good in the main; but it was yet poetry as a relaxation—as a resource from unprofitable life. He says—"My passions once lighted raged up like so many devils until

they got vent in rhyme. Then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet."

With all that flow of soul in him; with his rebounding from the highest conviviality to the lowest despondency; with his yearnings and longings for, he knew not what; with a sensibility that every object caused to tremble; with an ambition underneath them all, which tossed and rocked him as the ocean swells and rocks the boats and ships in the bay,—he was yet trying to make himself think that he was to be a farmer. He bitterly felt this, what two years afterwards he plainly expresses—"Oh! for a little of the cart-horse part of human nature!"

Here was one of the most wonderful men ever born, who though not humble in the estimate of himself, never dreamed of his real place; and, in his most noble audacity, never asserted for himself a tithe of what the world now eagerly heaps upon him. Here was this brave fellow, with his heart hot and his head inspired with all manner of fancies, tender and sublime, who was endeavoring in the most patient and conscientious way possible, not to be what he was made for, and to be what he was not fitted for.

James Gray, who taught the High School at Dumfries, says of Burns—"In our solitary walks on summer mornings, the simplest flowret by the way-side, every seat of rural simplicity and happiness, every creature that seemed to drink of the joy of the season, awakened the sympathy of his heart which flowed in spontaneous music from his lips; and every new opening beauty, or the magnificence of the scene before him, called forth the poetry of his soul."

It was not his fault that God made him a poet. It was not his fault that his heart was a heart upon which nature played. It was not his fault that he did not know where his strength lay.

At the age of twenty-five his father died, and his brother Gilbert, himself, and his mother had taken a farm. Now he means to settle this vexed question. Now he means to be a farmer in earnest; to thrive and do well. "I had entered upon this farm," he says, "with a full resolution—Come, go to! I will be wise. I read farming books, I attended markets, I calculated crops, and, in short, in spite of the devil and the world and the flesh, I believe I should have been a wise man, but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second from a late harvest, we lost half our crops."

No, not yet. Burns could not be a farmer first, then a poet. He would never thrive until his real genius had a full opportunity of expression. When once he had poured his life forth in its true channels, and had felt that at length he had touched the aim of his being, then he might have become secondarily a good farmer; but not now. And thus while he bought poor seed for farming, he was sowing good seed for poetry. For besides his bitter theological invective, he this year planted for immortality such poems as Halloween, and the Cotter's Saturday Night. Though he had a late harvest of his land, it was early and good in his brain.

At length, at twenty-six years of age, he ventured to write "Robert Burns, Poet;" and even then it was a title of honor, and not his real name. Even now, his being a poet is something aside from the real purpose of his life. On the first of August, 1786, he published the first volume of his poems, by which he realized One Hundred Dollars. One Hundred Dollars! Many an enterprising publisher would have been glad to give him a thousand—for that matter, ten thousand—dollars for one of them.

He had got into great trouble. The mother of his babes was not his wife. Persecution hung over him; his farming labors

were disastrous, and he determined, as the last resort of a broken-down and discouraged man, to go to Jamaica as an overseer of a plantation. I think I see Robert Burns on a plantation, with a whip under his arm! I think I see Robert Burns following a gang of slaves, and chaunting "A man's a man for a' that." Poor Burns was in a very bad way, but he was not as bad as that.

A new era dawned. By the fame of his published poems, he was summoned to Edinburgh, and for nearly a year he was courted and honored, and *fêted*, in that splendid metropolis of the north, by men who then attracted universal attention, and yet became more eminent for being the friends of Burns. His modesty, his self-possession, his wonderful conversation, before which learned and practiced talkers bowed and acknowledged that the ploughman was their master; his brilliant wit and overflowing humor; his wonderful insight into human life; his passionate earnestness and eloquence, his sweetness, and good heartedness; all his social qualities show that if Burns had from the first been placed in favorable circumstances, there would have been fewer shadows to mar the brilliancy of a fair fame. It is abundantly plain that if he had found as many friends to establish him in life, as he found afterwards to build his monument, the world would not have had such a melancholy story of his sufferings and death. But so it is. This world is made for men who need no help while alive; and there are always reasons found for not helping men whom the world afterwards mourns to the end; and yet, while they mourn, their tears fall upon other men who are just as much neglected as those for whom they weep.

Burns with the profits of his book now takes a farm at Ellisland, about forty miles from his own. He married Jean Armour, whom he had long loved and would have married before,

if her father had consented. Burns now being a man of reputation, a national poet, turns from the dissipations of Edinboro' to become in earnest a farmer. The illusion is not out yet, for he says to a correspondent, "as, till within these eighteen months, I never was the wealthy master of ten guineas, my knowledge of business is to learn; skill in the sober science of life is my most serious and hearty study." This was very well, you say. Every one can but wish that being so much, it had been more, and that snug, practical sagacity had been added to his poetical temperament. A man must have two natures to be a poet and a prosperous business man. They seldom are united; yet, as it was, Burns vowed most solemnly and most foolishly two impossible things, namely, that he would forego poetry and all its temptations, and embrace industry in all its drudging particulars, and "Heaven be my helper," for it will take a strong effort to bring my mind to the routine of business. I have discharged the army of all my former pursuits, fancies and pleasures. So, now, we shall have Robert Burns without an eye, except for profits. No more flowers are to grace his vision, no more clouds are to sail above his head, no more brooks to rush along under fringing bushes, no more heart-throbs of patriotic fervor, and no more deep and sad out-lookings upon human life, no more humorous conceptions of human folly and fashion. Robert Burns forswears all this. The mouse may find no house, the hare may die in the thicket, the birds may interpret their own musical lingo; as for Burns, he is going to lay aside poetry and attend to the crops. Thus this great soul, with the whole fitness of life before it, dare not embrace it, and with the whole unfitness of his nature makes a covenant with business for life. It turned out, as one might imagine; and not a great ways to New Year's day, 1789, he writes:

"I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are

the mountain daisy, the hare-bell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer morn, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plovers, in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing?"

Ah, indeed, to what? It is not to farming evidently that it is owing. And these symptoms of back-sliding from farming to poetry ended in open apostacy, for within four days after this, Burns writes in a letter to Dr. Moore: "The character and employment of a poet were formerly my pleasure, but now my pride. * * * Poesy I am determined to prosecute with all my vigor."

His doubts becoming confirmed that his farming would not be remunerative, much against his taste, and repugnant to his nature, he thought of becoming an excise-man; but he says, his wife and children reconciled him to it. Fifty pounds a year are the temptation. Fifty pounds a year! Acknowledged to be the first poet of Scotland, driven to destitution, and to taking a most dangerous occupation for his family's sake, that he might be sure of bread! His fears that he should make poor work with the farm were soon more than fears. He writes to a friend in December, 1789: "I am writing you on a farm. * * * My poor distracted mind is torn, and so jaded, and so wrecked, so be-deviled with the attempt to make one guinea do the business of three, that I detest, abhor, and swoon at the word business." There's a man to make money!

He writes to Mr. Hill:—"I want a Shakspeare; I want likewise an English Dictionary, Johnson's, I suppose, is best. In

these and all my prose commissions, the cheapest is always the best for me."

The duties of excise-man were just the kind to spoil a farmer, and we must add to spoil a man. For although it was not, as he terms it, a pleasant task, yet to be on horseback mainly, under the whole heaven dashing to and fro amidst beautiful scenery, and meeting jovial men, and being entertained by those jovial men, who would gladly fill an hour with a man of Burns' genius, overflowing gaiety, and strong common sense, was as pleasant as it proved dangerous.

His stay at Ellisland was short. He removed to Dumfries in 1791, to be occupied solely with the excise duties. Here he dwelt five years. Let those who have a heart for morbid anatomy pursue the desponding poet in his uncongenial occupation, while rebounding from it into convivialities and pleasures which his whole moral nature condemned with boiling indignation, and which almost literally seethed him in remorse. The English tongue has no language of remorse that surpasses Burns' in some of his letters. But I have no heart for such scenes.

The last five years of his life were wonderfully fruitful of exquisite poetry. It was from Dumfries he sent more than a hundred songs which will live as long as the human heart shall inspire the lips. His last letters were to friends beseeching some small levies to save him from jail and his family from starvation, and the money was refused. Yet so scrupulous was this man in respect to his expenses that when he died he owed no man a penny in the world.

At length on the 21st of July, 1796, Robert Burns was permitted to depart out of that mortal tenement—to give to dust again that body which for thirty-seven years bore one of the most wonderful natures that time has ever known. No man

has ever dreamed of making Burns a saint, and no one need dispute his moral claims. No man can write anything upon his weaknesses and faults and sins which will not seem pale and lifeless beside his own recorded words. There is nothing in the English language in testimony of domestic virtues more earnest, wholesome, and conscientious than his own. There are no wailings more agonizing for the violation of purity; no suffering that unites in its expression such simple, heartfelt confession of wrong with such pleadings against an indiscriminate judgment against him; and neither moralist nor judge can ever add anything to the effectiveness of Burns' condemnation of those errors which clouded his life, eclipsed his joy, and at last ended his career. For my own part, in pursuing the necessary investigation for this task, which the partiality of his countrymen (and now my countrymen,) have imposed upon me, I vibrated continually between smiles and tears, between admiration and sorrow, between wonder and pity, between reverence and condemnation. But amidst all these oppositions and conflicting opinions, steadily from the beginning Burns has grown upon my heart. I have felt at every step more and more tenderly the sorrow of one that loves, and when I have laid him in the grave it is with the grief of one who buries a brother or son. No man could keep company with him, even with the shadows of this wonderful creature, and not feel his power. His vitality is beyond all example; his fullness inexhaustible; his richness beyond all terms. Every letter, every sentence, teems—untrained, irregular and wild, yet you feel that he is master even in your criticisms, and in your judgments you find and feel that he is superior. There was more put into the making of Burns than in any man in his age. That which he has given to us of himself does by no means express or interpret the whole of what he was. A great deal

of his nature is like undug gold and unwashed diamonds. His songs and poems are like gold which you find in the Californian rivers, scattered particles, indicating how rich are the veins from which they were disintegrated. His letters are as wonderful as his poems, and his conversation is regarded as richer than either. While a half idiot was picking up, in London, every little contemptible acorn that fell from the rugged branches of that gnarled old oak, Johnson, I would that some dainty Ariel could have waited upon the inspired ploughman, and stamped into record the inexhaustible flow of his wonderful and rapturous conversation. But for the most part it fell upon wasteful ears of men, unfit to know its worth. The multitude of Burns's thoughts and most brilliant expressions hang in the past as crystals and white stalactites hang in unexplored caves, wonderfully beautiful, but forever hidden in darkness.

Such is the vitality of Burns, that there is not a place where he put his foot, where there has not sprung up historical flowers; and men, eminent before, have added to their eminence if Burns took them by the hand. The spots that were hoary with historic glory were destined to receive additional attraction if Burns visited them and touched them with his pen. Such vital force and such richness of soul had he, that there is no spot on the face of the last ten years of his life that was not crowded with memorials. His foot-prints, now a hundred years old, are yet warm. Artists, poets, historians, laymen of every name follow them with eager enthusiasm and with full cry. Alive, his cry of dying despair could not wring a pitiful ten pounds from indebted hands to save him from ruin. To-day, he has made the world rich. Alive, he could not earn food and raiment, nor control his livelihood; but since the dropping of the flesh he has clothed millions with garments

of joy and fed them with the food of manhood and sturdy courage. His life was a failure until he died. Ever since it has been a marvelous success; and death, that overthrew him, like the wind that scatters the dry seeds from the autumn boughs and whirls them away over the land, has scattered his thoughts into all the earth, to live and grow while there is soil in the human mind to receive the seeds of genius. Had he known the future, it would have consoled his heart, so yearning for sympathy, so longing and hankering for a true fame amidst the ignoble struggles of his battling life. That sturdy soul felt the true meaning of manhood and the superiority of manhood to the mere trappings of place and adventitious glory; and he walks crowned with praise and wreathed with loving smiles in all the habitable globe. He is the inseparable companion of the Scot wherever he goes, and where is there a nook or isle of the earth where the Scotchman does not go to make much out of a little, and make it easy? Whereever he goes Burns goes with him. He is read in the camp, in the tropical forest, by the glare of torches in the South, and the light of the aurora-borealis in the North. There is not a white hawthorn that blossoms in any spot upon the globe that has not been made dear by Burns; and Scotland in her joys and sorrows, and in her whole heart is known throughout the earth as much by the songs of Burns as by her boasted sons, noble as they are, and by her historians. Strange the power of the unfleshed spirit.

Burns shows that it is not books that teach men to wrestle with the passions of the human life, but a heart. There is this rough-clad son of earth touching the marrow of things in his cold and sequestered nook, pondering over things which saddened the heart of the great legislator, which tinged Homer's view of life, and which engaged the minds of Plato and So-

crates and every thinking man to the Advent, and since then. I think the worst things of Burns were written early—his bitter invectives and raillery. As he lived to see real trouble and to struggle with the stream of life, his stream of poetry, with some sad exceptions, ran clearer. His most exquisite songs, his finest delineations of nature, his most noble strains and thoughtful appeals were the fruits of his middle and later life. But it seems a mockery almost to speak of the later periods of a life which ended before most men's lives are earnestly begun. At forty men are fully men. Burns had been dead three years, when the number of forty was counted from the day of his birth. And had it pleased Him who wielded this bright star in our firmament, to have permitted it to be advanced, until it filled out its orbit here, what might we not have inherited? Had his life reached as far as his father's or mother's we should now be speaking of those works we have from his hands as the mere first fruits of his labors. All we now possess, peradventure, would then have seemed like his own harebells and daisies. To him it was given to lift up the lowly. No finer genius has ever delineated the external forms of nature. No poet has ever better sung the humors of his fellow men. He lifted up the superstitions of the time and gave them beauty; and gathering up the lower thoughts of men, and shedding the light of his genius upon them, has made them beautiful forever. He danced with witches in the kirk yard, and followed with them through the grim air. He hung flowers even upon the brow of Satan; Milton did the same; and I think the reverence of the one, and the veneration of the other was about alike. But all these were the mere externals of poetry. The life and power of his work was in that deep moral element which pervaded his nature and gave out such sacred grandeur, and which lifted

upon the eternal future such trembling and agonizing glances. The power of Burns's songs consists in their moral tone. If that were dissolved from them, they, too, would dissolve and fall in pieces. It is not wit nor humor, nor pathos, which was the centre of Burns. When you look upon a tree, it is not the wood—the root, which strikes the eye; it is the thousand branches and ten thousand leaves and buds and blossoms. And yet that sober, solid centre of wood is that which enables the tree to support so many boughs, to shake so many leaves, and shed its perfume abroad. Thus it is with Burns. Some leaves fall from his boughs, worm-eaten; some of the branches may be maimed or cankered; but the great tree, the centre, the substance, stands up hearty, healthy, human, and divine.

Some have supposed that our solar system, in its vast traverses of space, strikes at times aerial streams of warmth or cold, making some years memorable over others for the degree of heat or cold which attends them; so the world seems to swing through vast cycles of ideas. The time in which Burns lived was eminent for the outburst, all over the civilized world, of the spirit of Liberty. This divine spirit came forth as did Lazarus from the sepulchre, bound hand and foot, and in the habiliments of the grave. Liberty in politics ran wantonly into license, and liberty in religion went into blind infidelity. Yet the spirit of liberty pervaded the world; and no man in all that period was a more faithful apostle of liberty than Burns. It did not develop itself in political theories or philosophical speculation. It did not touch the external forms of society at all; it went to the root of all things—the ineradicable worth of man as a child of God—a frail experimental creature of time, a lingering, wistful, expectant of a better state. The dignity and rights of the individual inspired Burns, and burned like an unquenchable fire upon the altar of his soul. He had

no enmity to kings—but always first and last in his earliest poetry as well as in the latest, he bore witness with all the fidelity of an apostle and power of the poet to the fundamental doctrine that essential Manhood is the only greatness, and that nothing can exalt a man but himself, and nothing degrade him but himself. Through his whole life, this life for man was eminently not for him who had wealth, learning, influence, position, and power, but for man in his simple nature, as given by God. No tenderer heart ever cheered the sorrowful and the needy. No poet ever poured upon the heart more balm or fragrance than he. No name has ever made manhood more resonant in virtues, or more nobly invested man with honesty, reliance, patience, contentment, and self-respect, than Burns. His poems are a torch that never goes out, to all who are in dark places; and no man harassed by trouble, distracted by temptation, overcome by passion, and plunged in remorse, but will find language for his woes in the poetry of Burns. He himself has felt the sins and ills of the flesh, and no man, among the school of poets, ever was so true to his kind, rejoicing with those that rejoice, and weeping with those that weep; and the nation which read Burns in the nursery could never have tyrants in the Parliament House. The men who drink at Burns's spring will be too sturdy for oppression, too courageous for power to tamper with, and with too much self-respect for blandishments and bribes. Burns had pre-eminently this love for man in all his moods, weaknesses, sorrows, joys, hopes, and fears for life, and for eternal life. He is universal in his sympathy. He loves the very shoe-latches of the poor Scotch peasant. He loves the very daisy his shoe trod upon. Terrible often with rage that sounds as thunder in the mountains, yet it is love both personal and general that marks the poems of Burns, and that gives them their wondrous vitality,

and will never let them die so long as a soul yearns, or hearts desire to be tenderly cheered.

Finally, to-night let us give to the memory of Burns something of that food of love and praise which his own soul hungered for, his life long, and never had. If he has faults, let us, like them of old, walking backward with reverence and affection, cast a mantle upon them. If every man within these twenty-four hours the world around who shall speak the name of Burns with fond admiration were registered as his subjects, no king on earth would have such a realm. Finally, could each feeling be changed into a flower, and cast down before his memory, a mountain would arise, and he would sit upon a rose of blossoms now at length without a thorn.

[When Mr. Beecher had concluded his eloquent address, he received the congratulations of a number of distinguished citizens, and was tendered the thanks of the audience by acclamation.]

The Centenary Festival

AT THE

ASTOR HOUSE.

On Tuesday evening, January 25, 1859, the Centennial Anniversary was celebrated by a Festival at the Astor House. The established character of this time-honored and popular hotel, together with the fact that, in previous years, many a brilliant assembly had gathered there to honor the memory of Burns, commended it to the committee of arrangements as peculiarly appropriate for this celebration.

The courteous host, Mr. Charles A. Stetson, with his associates and assistants, had made ample arrangements for the reception and accommodation of the company. The dinner was to be served in the spacious dining-room, three tables being arranged in parallel lines, at the head of which, upon a dais, was the table designed for the accommodation of the Chairman and guests. The room was appropriately decorated with the national flags of America, England, Scotland, and Ireland; and a number of illustrative paintings, several of which were executed expressly for this occasion. Among them was one, eighteen by twenty-five feet, painted by James L. Dick, a member of the Club, representing Burns at the Plow, and the Genius of Poetry casting her mantle over him. There were also four large paintings by Hillyard, representing the Return from Labor, from the "Cotter's Saturday Night;" a scene from "Tam O'Shanter;" Burns's Cottage;

and his Monument at Ayr. A large portrait of Burns, draped with flags, was suspended at the head of the room; on the right, a fine portrait of WASHINGTON; on the left, one of FRANKLIN: the two last painted by Vanderlyn and Duplessis. In front of the guests' table were placed a bust of Burns and one of Walter Scott—that of Burns was crowned with a laurel wreath, and was a copy of the much admired original executed by J. C. KING, of Boston, who was present among the guests.

Various articles of interest, in connection with Burns, were contributed for the occasion. Among them:—A piece of bark, elegantly framed, cut from a tree on Burns's farm, on which is carved the inscription "R. BURNS, 1779;" presented by the wife of the poet to Mr. RENWICK, now of this city; also an old Jacobite song book, well worn, formerly in possession of Burns, contributed by the same gentleman:—A lock of Burns's hair, and an impression of his seal, furnished by Mr. Dinwiddie, Secretary of St. Andrews' Society:—Various other articles, for use or ornament, were furnished by Messrs, WM. GIBSON, J. C. MCRAE, T. LYNCH, Captain WM. MANSON, and others.

At an early hour the company began to assemble. Every seat had been disposed of, and large as was the number present, it might have been greatly increased, as in several instances high premiums were offered for tickets. A number of gentlemen were present in full Highland costume, representing the Caledonian Club. The members and guests wore appropriate badges of rich silk tartan.

At the proper time the company proceeded to the dining-room, and remained standing in their places, awaiting the entrance of the Honorary Chairman and guests, who appeared immediately after, preceded by a piper in full costume, and

escorted by the President of the Club. On the appearance of Mr. BRYANT, and as he passed through the long lines of the company to the head of the room, he was greeted with simultaneous enthusiasm.

Before the company were seated, grace was said by Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The names of the guests and others are annexed.

AT THE HEAD OF THE ROOM, UPON THE DAIS.

THE HONORARY CHAIRMAN,

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,

SUPPORTED BY

FITZ GREENE HALLECK,

Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER,
Rev. SAMUEL OSGOOD,
JAMES T. BRADY,
CHARLES GOULD,
HORACE GREELEY,
PARKE GODWIN,
LOUIS R. MIGNOT,
GULIAN C. VERPLANCK,
Hon. D. F. TIEMANN,
Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS,
PETER COOPER,
J. C. KING (of Boston),
WM. S. THAYER,
H. W. L. BARNES,

J. CUNNINGHAM,
Representing Burns Club.

AT THE CENTRAL TABLE, FACING THE CHAIR.

THE HONORARY VICE PRESIDENT,

EDWARD M. ARCHIBALD (H. B. M. Consul,)

SUPPORTED BY

Dr. J. C. BEALES,
Pres. St. George's Society.
ADAM NORRIE,
Pres. St. Andrews Society.
RICHARD BELL,
represent. St. Patrick's Soc.
WILLIAM YOUNG,
Editor N. Y. Albion.
Mr. ANDREWS,
late U. S. Con. Gen. in Can'a.
Major Gen. CHAS. W. SANFORD,
Dr. WARD.

ON THE RIGHT AND LEFT.

JOSEPH LAING,

First Vice President of the Club.

JOHN D. NORCOTT,

Second Vice President.

THE COMPANY GENERALLY, INCLUDING MEMBERS.

ROBERT DINWIDDIE,
JAS. W. MAITLAND,
ROBERT GORDON,
JOHN BETTS,
GEO. CRUIKSHANK,
JAMES F. WHITE,
JOHN MCCLURE,
THOS. C. M. PATON,
WM. PATON,
L. AGNEW,
JAS. B. COCHRAN,
JOHN GRIERSON,
JOHN ROBERTON,
—— CALLENDER,
—— ANDERSON,
BENJ. B. TILT,
JAS. HARVEY,
JOHN H. RAYMOND,
THOS. BLACKBURN,
ARCH'D PARK,
HENRY SIBREE,
JOHN WHITTAKER,
H. CRABTREE,
GEO. MARSHALL,
EDWARD COURTLANDT,
ANDREW S. EADIE,
T. B. PEDDIE,
JOHN L. BAILEY,
ROBERT MCCLELLAN,
STUART GARDEN,
ALEX. GAW,
ISAAC HOOSE,
TIMOTHY WATERS,
WILLIAM TEMPLAR,
GEO. MITCHELL,
JOHN PARKER,
ROB'T STRUTHERS,
WM. H. MORRISON,
JOHN HAYBOURN,
DAVID B. DRYSDALE,
THOS. WELDON,
JOHN T. HOWELL,
—— CLUTT,
ROBERT CROSS,
I. A. MORAND,
J. C. MCRAE,
P. STEVENSON,
WM. MATHEWS,
L. MCINTOSH (Iowa),
CAPTAIN REID,
GEO. BRODIE,
CHAS. BURT,
C. D. NEWMAN,
DAVID MIRANDA,
GEO. SIMPSON,
JAS. G. MAEDER,
J. COLERIDGE HART,
JOHN MORTON,
COL. WM. HALSEY,
COL. THOS. TATE,
JAS. SOMERVILLE,
JOHN SOMERVILLE,
JAMES C. DERBY,
EDWIN JACKSON,
JOHN K. ALLEN,
HENRY S. ALLEN,
GEO. NIMMO,
WM. HEPBURN,
WM. WAKEFIELD,
ROB'T NEILSON,
JOHN A. PARKS,
WM. LANG,
WM. PARK,
CHAS. BURNS,
THOS. GOW,
EDWARD FISHER,
JOHN A. MCLEAN,
T. C. LATTO,
ROB'T GUN,
EDWARD KEARNEY,
WM. MANSON,
JOHN ROBERTSON,
JOHN R. HUNTER,
WM. BROUGH,

ROBERT RAIT,
J. T. MILLER (Montreal),
JOHN IRELAND,
EDWARD WALKER,
ALEX. MCEWEN,
ALEX. CAMPBELL,
JOHN J. MUIR,
JOHN STEUART,
J. FRED. MILWARD,
GEO. A. CLARK,
PETER MCLEOD,
F. NICHOLSON,
—— EMERSON,
—— ARMSTRONG,
J. CAMERON,
M. CONACHIE,
ADAM STODART,
JAS. WOTHERSPOON,
WM. MCNAB,
R. W. TURNER,
THOS. GLENDINNING,
WM. B. EDGAR,
ROBT. EDGAR,
ADAM FARISH,
ALEX. M. MCKAY,
JAS. PICKEN,
—— BROWN,
ALEX. CROSS,
ALFRED R. BOOTH,
JAS. CUMMING,
DAVID LAMB,
JOHN MOFFAT,
C. S. GRAFULLA,
Dr. F. GOURAUD,
FRANK LESLIE,
JAMES RENWICK,
G. SWAN,
T. HORN, JR.,
T. LYNCH,
GEO. H. ANDREWS,
JOHN MCAULIFFE,
H. MAASS,
JOHN FOSTER,
PAGE GALE,
F. KELLERS,
—— VERDEN,
BENJ. F. MILLER,
GEO. S. HARTT,
HENRY HILLYARD,
—— MOORHEAD,
JOHN AITKEN, SEN.,
RICHARD COCHRANE,
ROBERT MELDRUM,
W. S. CLIREHUGH,
VAIR CLIREHUGH, JR.,
JAS. WATSON,
L. MARKEY,
J. M. MORRISON,
ROB'T MACFARLANE,
JAS. NICHOLSON,
DAVID RUTHERFORD,
WM. BURNS,
JOHN CRABTREE,
DAVID STEWART,
JOHN MCDONOUGH,
WM. ROBERTSON,
Dr. WM. JOHNSON,
GEO. RINTOUL,
JOHN R. WATSON,
JOHN MUIR,
FRED'K HALE,
JOHN BURT,
THOS. HOWITT,
JAS. L. DICK,
H. H. DOW,
DANIEL FRASER,
Dr. JAS. NORVAL,
THOS. MCRAE,
JAS. BLANE,
ROB'T DONALD,
T. C. GOURLAY,
JOHN WHITE,
ROB'T MCNIE,
JOHN FELL,
WM. H. MORRISON,
W. G. COUTTS,
WM. B. ROBERTSON,
JOHN W. SUMNER,
JOHN STEWART,
ROB'T DAVIDSON,
JAS. QUEE,
DANIEL DOVE,
ROB'T BURNET,
WM. CLELAND,
W. W. WOTHERSPOON,
F. G. FONTAINE.

[The names of upward of two hundred of the persons present at the Festival are given in the foregoing list. About fifty others were present, but it has not been practicable to obtain their names in season for this publication.]

The press of the city was represented by a number of gentlemen as reporters for the *Scottish American Journal*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *Herald*, *Express*, *Sun*, and other papers, who occupied seats at the central table near the Chairman.

Of the dinner it need only be said that it was served in the usual excellent style of the Astor House. Every delicacy was supplied in profusion, and every article was of the choicest quality. The tables were adorned with numerous pieces of ornamental confectionary and pastry, among which were represented: Burns and Highland Mary; Burns' Monument; The Return of the Laborer; Tam O'Shanter and the Witches; "Here are we met, three merry boys;" Scotch Pavilion; Lyric Cottage; Temple of Worth; Highland Tower; Alloway Kirk; Burns' Birthplace. At dinner and during the evening appropriate music was supplied by ROBERTSON'S excellent band; and Mr. CLELAND performed a number of national airs on the Scottish pipes.

When the cloth was removed,

Mr. J. CUNNINGHAM said, that as the President of the Club, he had the honor of presenting Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT as the Honorary Chairman, and Mr. EDWARD M. ARCHIBALD as the Honorary Vice-President of the occasion. He said the thanks of the Club were due to those gentlemen for the cordiality with which they had accepted the positions which had been tendered them; also to the press of the city and country for the courtesy displayed in giving publicity to the objects and purposes of the Club; and to Messrs. G. Swan and J. Horn, jr., for the free use of the telegraph lines under their control. He also expressed the fraternal feeling of the Club with all other associations engaged in celebrating the occasion. After adding a few remarks relative to the business of the evening, he read a few of the following letters, addressed to VAIR CLIREHUGH, Jr., Esq., Corresponding Secretary of the Club, which were received with hearty applause.

LETTERS.

FROM WASHINGTON IRVING.

SUNNYSIDE, Nov. 22d, 1858.

DEAR SIR:

I feel properly sensible of the honor done me by the Burns Club in inviting me to the dinner with which they propose to celebrate the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of the poet, Robert Burns; but I regret to say that the state of my health obliges me to excuse myself from accepting any invitation of the kind.

With great respect,
Your obedient servant,
WASHINGTON IRVING.

FROM HON. JAMES BUCHANAN, PRESIDENT U. S.

WASHINGTON, 15 January, 1859.

DEAR SIR:

I have received your kind invitation, on behalf of "The Burns Club of the City of New York," to be present at the festival dinner, to be given in honor of the Centennial Anniversary of the poet's birth. I should esteem it a great pleasure as well as a high privilege to be with you on this occasion; but my public duties here render it impossible.

Poor Burns! I have always deplored his hard fate. He has ever been a favorite of mine. The child of genius and of misfortune, he is read every where and by all classes throughout the extent of our country, and his natural pathos has reached all hearts.

Yours very respectfully,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

FROM REV. JOHN THOMSON.

11 VARICK PLACE, N. Y., 13th Dec., 1858.

DEAR SIR:

By reason of family affliction I am prevented taking part this winter in any public or social entertainment. Had it been otherwise with me than it is, I would have availed myself at once of the kind invitation of the Burns Club, that I might have shown my appreciation of the character and works of our great national, but greatly misunderstood poet. I have the pleasure to be, dear Sirs,

Very truly yours,
JOHN THOMSON.

FROM REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14, 1858.

DEAR SIR:

I am much honored by the invitation of the "Burns Club of the City of New York," to its dinner on the 25th January. The state of my health does not allow me to make positive engagements so far ahead; yet I am not willing to cut

myself off from the pleasure of so delightful a reunion. If you will allow me to come, if my health *at the time* permits, I shall have the greatest pleasure in accepting your invitation. I will, with your permission, send you *positive* word, as the day approaches.

Very respectfully yours,
HENRY W. BELLOWS.

FROM REV. GEO. W. BETHUNE.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 14, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR:

I sincerely regret that my engagements will not permit me to accept the invitation with which I have been honored by the Burns Club of New York, to dine with them on the Centennial Anniversary of Burns' birth. As a Scotsman's bairn and an ardent student of Scotch literature, I heartily sympathise with your admiration of Scotland's greatest lyrical poet, and it would be a delightful privilege to share in the aspirations and entertainments of your festival. As it is, I must bear the deprivation as I may. With many thanks for your kind remembrance of me and my best wishes for yourself and associates,

I am very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
GEO. W. BETHUNE.

FROM REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

134 12TH STREET, Jan. 3d, 1859.

DEAR SIR:

I very much regret that an engagement out of town prevents my acceptance of your invitation to the dinner in honor of the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns. It will be a festival at which I should be proud to be present, and had Burns never written any thing but "A man's a man for a' that," I would cheerfully go miles to express my admiration for him, and my love.

I am, Sir,
Very respectfully yours,
E. H. CHAPIN.

FROM LORD NAPIER.

H. B. M. LEGATION,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 20th, 1858.

SIR:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th instant, conveying to me an invitation to attend the dinner to be given at the Astor House in honor of the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of the poet Robert Burns, on the 25th of January next.

I regret that my engagements at Washington will not permit me to be present on the occasion referred to.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
NAPIER.

FROM HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

BOSTON, 29 Nov., 1858.

DEAR SIR:

Your favor of the 19th reached me, a day or two since, kindly inviting me to attend the dinner to be given at the Astor House on the 25th of January next, in honor of the Centennial Anniversary of the poet Burns.

I am greatly indebted to you for the honor of this invitation. Owing to a conditional engagement in another quarter, the fulfilment of which depends upon circumstances not yet decided, it is not in my power at present to return a positive answer.

It will give me great pleasure to be present, if possible, on an occasion of so much interest. I remain, dear Sir,

Very respectfully yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

FROM OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BOSTON, Nov. 27th, 1858.

DEAR SIR:

I regret that my imperative engagements in Boston will not allow me to have the pleasure of being present at the Centennial Anniversary celebration of the birth day of Robert Burns, by the Burns Club of New York.

If I had by good fortune been present at the coming anniversary—as a native of the sister isle might be excused for saying—and had been unexpectedly called upon for a word in honor of the occasion, I should, on the spur of the moment have ventured to give the following:

The memory of the monarch minstrel who made the dialect of a province the language of the universal heart throughout a mighty empire, and the realms which its arms and arts have colonized: his melodies are the life-winged thistle-down that sows the emblem of Scottish truth, and manhood, and sentiment, as far as it can fly upon the winds of Heaven! Yours very truly,

O. W. HOLMES.

FROM HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 1, 1858.

DEAR SIR:

I have had the honor of receiving the invitation of the Burns Club to attend their dinner on the 25th of January.

I feel much gratified by this attention, and regret extremely that my engagements will not permit me to accept it.

Begging you to make my best acknowledgments to the gentlemen of the Club, I remain, dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

FROM BAYARD TAYLOR.

BOSTON, Dec. 17, 1858.

DEAR SIR:

I have delayed answering your invitation, hoping that it might be possible for me to be with you on the evening of the 25th of January next. My engagements, however, oblige me to relinquish all hope of it.

I was fortunate enough to be present at the public welcome given to the sons of Burns on their return from India, on the banks of the Doon, on the 6th of August, 1844, and the venerable face of the poet's sister is still distinctly impressed on my memory. Reverencing as I do, the name, the genius, and the manhood of Burns, I should rejoice in being able to unite with your club and my brother authors in doing fitting honor to his memory. If I can possibly find time, I will send a leaf for the garland which will be laid upon his grave.

Very respectfully yours,
BAYARD TAYLOR.

FROM JOHN G. SAXE.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Dec. 10, 1858.

DEAR SIR:

Nothing could gratify me more than to accept your invitation to attend the dinner to be given at the Astor House, January 25th, 1859, in honor of the Centennial Anniversary of the birth-day of the poet, Robert Burns; yet I have little hope that my lecture-engagements will allow me to be present on that occasion. I beg to assure you, however, that in the spirit of your festival I shall be of your number, as a cordial and devout admirer of Robert Burns—

"——that mightiest poet of the heart,
Whom *nature* blessed beyond the reach of *art*;"

and whom all true men, every where, love and praise. Thanking you for the high honor proposed to me by your invitation, I am,

Very truly yours,
JOHN G. SAXE.

FROM DION BOURCICAULT.

WILLARD'S HOTEL,
WASHINGTON, D. C., 4 Jan., 1859.

DEAR SIR:

I regret to say that my professional engagements will most probably oblige me to be absent from New York on the date of the Centennial Anniversary.

Deeply sympathising with your object, I feel that I have lost one of the most pleasant and most intellectual of all the associations with which life is speckled—no brighter beacon could a man look back to in after days than a "Night wi' Burns."

Should I be able to escape, I will promptly appear.

Yours very truly,
DION BOURCICAULT.

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
ALBANY, January, 1859.

SIR:

Your kind letter of the 8th inst., inviting me on behalf of the Burns Club of the City of New York, to be present at the festival dinner to be given at the Astor

House on the 25th of this month, in honor of the birth of the poet, Robert Burns, is before me.

I need not say to you that it would afford me great pleasure to be present on the occasion you name, but my official duties will prevent my absence from Albany at that time, when not only the members of your club, but thousands of others in Europe and America will celebrate the birth of the people's poet. It was a happy idea that both continents should join in celebrating the birth day of Robert Burns, whose simple poems awake responsive emotions alike in the hearts and homes of his native land, in the cabins of the pioneers upon our western prairies, and in the huts of the Australian shepherds. He wins alike the hearts of the cultivated and the uncultivated, and his fame must continue to increase while that of others—more petted during their lives—is gradually passing away.

Begging you to present to the Burns Club of the City of New York my regrets that I cannot be with them in person at their festival, and my wishes for their prosperity, I am yours,

Very respectfully,
E. D. MORGAN.

FROM HUGH MAXWELL.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3d, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR:

I return my very sincere thanks for the kind invitation to participate with the gentlemen of the Burns Club in the festival proposed in honor of the memory of the immortal poet.

Having declined for several years to attend the festivals on public occasions, I regret it will not be in my power, consistent with former declinations, to be present at your honored festival.

My heart warms to the memory of Burns, to the scenes he has so sweetly sung, and no one would be more delighted to do honor to his memory.

I am very respectfully,
Your friend and obedient servant,
H. MAXWELL.

FROM JOHN L. LEWIS, GRAND MASTER, ETC.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER OF THE GRAND LODGE OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

PENN YAN, NEW YORK, January 20th, 1859.

DEAR SIR:

Absence from home has prevented an earlier response to your kind invitation extended by the "Burns Club," to me as the Grand Master of the Masonic Fraternity in this State to attend the festival dinner to be given on Tuesday next in honor of the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns.

Most gladly would I be present, did my engagements permit, to unite in doing honor to the character and memory of Burns as the man, the poet, and the Mason, and to testify as the present chief representative of the Craft in the State of New York our high appreciation of the genius which has shed such undying lustre upon our simple annals as a brotherhood—for *he was our brother.* Of all the revered dead who while living have been enrolled in our ranks abroad, his is the name which is ever present as a vivid and glowing reality. The farewells which he sang to his brethren at Tarbolton with such affecting pathos still touch an answer-

ing chord in many a heart, and still tremble upon the lips of the thousands of his brethren in all lands. They are a memento of their gifted author wherever his peculiar dialect of the English tongue still kindles fond memories; or the "Sons of Light" are assembled, when "that hieroglyphic light" is glowing; and while they awaken tender emotions in others, they are never disconnected from the remembrance of him, who first breathed their beautiful melody. And yet this was but *one* of his undying strains of feeling, and of beauty!

The object of the "Burns Club" in renewing afresh such genial memories by an observance of the anniversary of the birth of the Ayrshire bard on this side of the ocean, and thus fostering the links which connect us with the genius of the motherland, can but commend itself to the cordial sympathies of every one in the United States who is an admirer of true poetic feeling; and it was fitting that one of our most cherished poets should have been selected to preside at such a festival.

You have the most cordial wishes of the Masonic Fraternity that it may be a joyous reunion; and I trust that the Deputy Grand Master, John W. Simons, Esq., of New York, will be present to represent them and me upon the occasion. Lest he should fail to do so, will you at some fitting opportunity be pleased to offer in my behalf this sentiment:

Robert Burns—As a man, pure gold without the guinea stamp; as a poet, ever sweet, tender and truthful; as a Mason, fit to be "oft honored with supreme command."

I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully and sincerely,
Yours, &c.
JOHN L. LEWIS, Jr.
Grand Master.

Invitations to attend the Festival had also been accepted by a number of gentlemen who were unable to be present, among whom were the following: Rev. Dr. S. I. PRIME, HENRY J. RAYMOND, LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, GEORGE P. MORRIS, and R. S. WILLIS.

Mr. Bryant then rose to address the company, when he was greeted with a storm of enthusiastic applause, that lasted for several minutes.

MR. BRYANT'S SPEECH.

The very kind manner, my friends, in which you have received me, encourages me to think that you will not be unwilling to listen to a word or two, introducing the toasts of the evening. My first duty is to thank my excellent friends of the Burns Club, with whom I do not now meet for the first time,

and whose annual festivities are among the pleasantest I ever attended, for the honor they have done me in calling me to the chair I occupy—an honor more to be prized on account of the rare occasion on which it is bestowed. An honor which can be conferred but once in a century, is an honor indeed.

This evening, the memory of Burns will be celebrated as it never was before. His fame, from the time when he first appeared before the world as a poet, has been growing and brightening, as the morning brightens into the perfect day. There never was a time when his merits were so freely acknowledged as now; when the common consent of the literary world has placed him so high, or spoke his praises with so little intermixture of disparagement; when the anniversary of his birth could have awakened so general and fervent an enthusiasm.

If we could imagine a human being endowed with the power of making himself, through the medium of his senses, a witness of whatever is passing on the face of the globe, what a series of festivities, what successive manifestations of the love and admiration which all who speak our language bear to the great Scottish poet, would present themselves to his observation, accompanying the shadow of this night in its circuit round the earth! Some twelve hours before this time he would have heard the praises of Burns recited, and the songs of Burns sung, on the banks of the Ganges—the music flowing out at the open windows on the soft evening air of that region, and mingling with the murmurs of the sacred river. A little later, he might have heard the same sounds from the mouth of the Euphrates; later still, from the southern extremity of Africa, under constellations strange to our eyes—the stars of the southern hemisphere—and almost at the same moment from the rocky shores of the Ionian Isles. Next they would have been heard from the orange groves of Malta, and from the

winter colony of English and Americans on the banks of the Tiber. Then, in its turn, the Seine takes up the strain; and what a chorus rises from the British Isles—from every ocean-mart, and river, and mountain-side, with a distant response from the rock of Gibraltar! Last, in the Old World, on its westernmost verge, the observer whom I have imagined, would have heard the voice of song and of gladness from the coasts of Liberia and Sierra Leone, among a race constitutionally and passionately fond of music, and to which we have given our language and literature.

In the New World, frozen Newfoundland has already led in the festival of this night; and next, those who dwell where the St. Lawrence holds an icy mirror to the stars; thence it has passed to the hills and valleys of New England; and it is now our turn on the lordly Hudson. The Schuylkill will follow, the Potomac, the rivers of the Carolinas; the majestic St. John's, drawing his dark, deep waters from the Everglades; the borders of our mighty lakes, the beautiful Ohio, the Great Mississippi, with its fountains gushing under fields of snow, and its mouth among flowers that fear not the frost. Then will our festival, in its westward course, cross the Rocky Mountains, and gather in joyous assemblies those who pasture their herds on the Columbia, and those who dig for gold on the Sacramento.

By a still longer interval, it will pass to Australia, lying in her distant solitude of waters, and now glowing with the heats of midsummer, where I fear the zealous countrymen of Burns will find the short night of the season too short for their festivities. And thus will this commemoration pursue the sunset round the globe, and follow the journey of the evening star till the gentle planet shines on the waters of China.

Well has our great poet deserved this universal commemo-

ration—for who has written like him? What poem descriptive of rural manners and virtues, rural life in its simplicity and dignity—yet without a single false outline or touch of false coloring—clings to our memories and lives in our bosoms like his "Cotter's Saturday Night?" What humorous narrative in verse can be compared with his "Tam O'Shanter?" From the fall of Adam to his time, I believe, there was nothing written in the vein of his "Mountain Daisy;" others have caught his spirit from that poem, but who among them all has excelled him? Of all the convivial songs I have ever seen in any language, there is none so overflowing with the spirit of conviviality, so joyous, so contagious as his song of "Willie brewed a peck o' maut." What love-songs are sweeter and tenderer than those of Burns? What song addresses itself so movingly to our love of old friends and our pleasant recollections of old days as his "Auld Lang Syne," or to the domestic affections so powerfully as his "John Anderson?"

You heard yesterday, my friends, and will hear again tonight, better things said of the genius of Burns than I can say. That will be your gain and mine. But there is one observation which, if I have not already tried your patience too far, I would ask your leave to make. If Burns was thus great among poets, it was not because he stood higher than they by any pre-eminence of a creative and fertile imagination. Original, affluent, and active his imagination certainly was, and it was always kept under the guidance of a masculine and vigorous understanding; but it is the *feeling* which lives in his poems that gives them their supreme mastery over the minds of men.

Burns was thus great because, whatever may have been the errors of his after-life, when he came from the hand that

formed him—I say it with the profoundest reverence—God breathed into him in larger measure than into other men, the spirit of that love which constitutes his own essence, and made him more than other men—a living soul. Burns was great by the greatness of his sympathies—sympathies acute and delicate, yet large, comprehensive, boundless. They were warmest and strongest toward those of his own kind, yet they overflowed upon all sentient beings—upon the animals in his stall, upon the "wee, sleekit, cowerin', timorous beastie" dislodged from her autumnal covert; upon the hare wounded by the sportsman; upon the very field flower overturned by his share and crushed among the stubble. And in all this we feel that there is nothing strained or exaggerated, nothing affected or put on, nothing childish or silly, but that all is true, genuine, healthy, manly, noble; we honor, we venerate the poet while we read; we take the expression of these sympathies to our hearts, and fold it in our memory forever.

And now, having said all I purposed to say—to your weariness, I fear—I proceed to give out the first regular toast, a toast in which if you do not heartily join, I shall wonder why you are here.

When the applause elicited by Mr. Bryant's remarks had subsided, he announced the first regular toast:

The Day we Celebrate—A day "which makes the whole world kin"—uniting by sympathetic emotion men of all degrees, in every land, in honoring the memory and the genius of Robert Burns—one of "the few, the immortal names that were not born to die."

Music by the Band—"Auld Lang Syne."

SPEECH OF JAMES T. BRADY.

Mr. Brady rose to respond amid enthusiastic cheering, and spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—In a land which, at the decease of Burns, was comparatively a wilderness—in a nation then an infant—we meet this night to commemorate his greatness, and render homage to his memory. The natives of many climes surround this festal board. Here and now national and individual antipathies are banished, that we may vie with each other in honor of a genius which has alike delighted and illumined the human race. We celebrate a day not memorable for the progress or prowess of physical force—not encrimsoned on the historic page by records of blood—not made stately by the advent or triumph of boasted lineage—nor associated with the insignia or trappings of worldly pomp or power. We are at the altar of Poetry—we stand beside one of what Halleck calls

"Shrines, to no creed nor code confined,
The Delphian Vales—the Palestines—
The Meccas of the mind."

The cheerful liquids which furnish our inspiration may well be employed on such an occasion. The great poet we are here to honor has said,

"When neeburs anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the barley bree
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
To tasche the barrel."

Concurring with you in this sentiment, and thanking your Committee for enabling me to meet the sons of Scotia, I shall

say a few words of him whose immortal lines have given glory to the name and history of his native land. A fine writer has remarked that, although genius is the heir of fame, the loss of life is the condition on which the bright reversion must be earned—that fame is the recompense, not of the living, but of the dead—its temple standing over the grave, and the flame of its altar kindled from the ashes of the great. Hazlitt tells us that fame is "the spirit of a man surviving himself," and describes it, further, as "the sound which the stream of high thoughts carries down to future ages, making, as it flows, deep, distant murmuring, evermore, like the waters of the mighty ocean." Such fame attends the career of him whom genius illumines. That divine principle, moving over the earth, often sends its fitful but brilliant gleam to establish a holy and immortal temple, where the humble object of its lustre seemed destined for perpetual obscurity. It turns aside capriciously from the proud turrets and gorgeous display of wealth and station, to consecrate forever a lowly cot in Stratford-on-Avon, or by the banks of bonnie Doon. The achievements and the distinction of the mightiest rulers pale in their lustre when compared with the intellectual radiations of a Shakspeare or a Burns. Think of the poor home where, one hundred years ago, Burns was born—that home which, within the first week of his existence, gave way before the pitiless storm, as if the very elements were resolved that its narrow limits should not contain the infant form of him whose fame was destined to fill a world. As Carlyle says, "There arose, among those second-hand acting figures—*mimes* for most part of the eighteenth century—once more a giant original man; one of those men who reach down to perennial deeps, who take rank with the heroic among men; and he was born in a poor Ayrshire hut." Worthy tribute from one great Scotsman to another. We find

this humble boy intent upon the life of Hannibal, and the history of Sir William Wallace, the books which, he tells us, most captivated his youthful mind. We see him walk many miles to the Leglin Ward, the scene of Wallace's rest, "with as much devout enthusiasm as ever pilgrim did to the Loretto." The poor peasant had even then within him the feeble but struggling hope that his own achievements might one day make his own tomb the object of pilgrim devotion. Already he murmured within himself what afterward he pronounced, as follows:

> "That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
> Some useful plan, or *Beuk* could make,
> Or sing a song at least."

The ambition which prompted this aspiration enriched the world with the spirit-stirring lyric, "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled," and that genial greeting, "Auld Lang Syne." We trace our hero to the early intellectual guidance of an old woman, of whom he says, "She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs, concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantrips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery." Little did the gude auld wife imagine that she was furnishing her young pupil with the material for "Halloween" and "Tam O'Shanter" —to say nothing of "Souter Johnnie" and the "Devil and Doctor Hornbook." The great power of his mind was already fashioning into shapes of poetic beauty and interest the confused material of the dame's rude teaching. Images destined to be eternized were already fixing themselves on the young poet's eye, of which we may indeed say, that it was even then "in a fine phrenzy rolling"—that large, dark eye, in which Prof. Walker said "the most striking index of his genius

resided," and to which Sir Walter Scott alludes thus: "I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time." It was a mischievous eye, as *she* might have told us, whom the poet at the age of sixteen—when his thoughts first chrystalized in verse—called "a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass"—the eye that admitted from the bright orbs of Mary Campbell the influences which, when God had called her from earth, made her seem to him as the lines to "Highland Mary" make her appear to us. That an ardent and too general passion for women stirred in his heart, and marred, to some degree, the prosperity of his life, was known to none better than himself, as we may infer from the lines suggesting a Poet's epitaph, in which he says:

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name."

We follow, with profound interest, the career of this earnest, ambitious, proud young bard, who looked without favor upon the rank which was but "the guinea-stamp," feeling all the while "the man's the gowd." We hear him, in allusion to the greater progress and success of his compeers and school-fellows, exclaim, as he referred to their advance: "I was standing idle in the market-place, or only left the chase of the butterfly from flower to flower to hunt fancy from whim to whim." There he stood, somewhat aloof from the world, acting on what Dr. Johnson called his "defensive pride." But the world had an ear and heart open to notes attuned in the deep melodies of nature. And when the images of truth were painted by him in the language of truth—when he re-produced the sentiments,

passions and feelings of our nature—he "attained his pinnacle by one gigantic bound." Even at the moment when he contemplated becoming an exile from his native land, his poems commanded the universal admiration of his countrymen. The learned professor and the humble ostler alike delighted in his lines, and gloried in his triumph. From the first avails of his success, he erected a tomb over the neglected remains of his brother-poet, Ferguson. How eventful, checkered, imprudent, and yet brilliant, his career, up to the time, in 1796, when we find him in "sickness, sorrow, and debt," at Dumfries, undergoing his last illness, not, as we are told, "with the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness as well as feeling;" maintaining, too, the undying capacity for humor, which developed itself even at that solemn period, when, thinking of the Dumfries Volunteers, to which corps he belonged, he remarked to a friend: "John, don't let that awkward squad fire over me." We are told that, while he was dying, his home was "like a besieged place." The interest in his fate was intense. He died. The conqueror of hearts died. And in what state was his cold form exhibited? "He lay," says Allan Cunningham, "in a plain and unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and, on the bed and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn, according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness; but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked—his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with gray. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart than if his bier had been embellished by vanity, and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank." Thousands of his coun-

trymen flocked to his funeral, and he was deposited in an humble sepulture, whence, in 1815, his remains were transferred to a mausoleum, inscribed with an epitaph far more learned, but not so expressive as that which I have already recited. The struggle of this man's personal life was a severe one. Poverty, wounded pride, remorse, all pursued him. He was indeed of that class mentioned by Shelley, who "learn in suffering what they teach in song." Well might Mrs. Hemans compare the struggles of such a poet, who sets bright gems upon the brow of humanity, with those of the pearl diver:

"And who shall think, when the strain is sung
Till a thousand hearts are stirred,
What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,
Have gushed with every word?

"None! None! His treasures live, like thine,
He strives and dies, like thee—
Thou that has been to the pearl's dark shrine,
Thou wrestler of the sea."

Not quite so gloomy or sad the career or destiny of Burns. He enjoyed his fame even while he lived, and died with a full conviction that his name would, as it will, be cherished while that of his country remained. Like the Welsh bards of old, he stood, as they, when they assembled "in the face of the sun and the eye of light." With all that belongs to nature, he had real sympathy, and for all his sympathy found truthful and eloquent expression. The mountain daisy, the homeless mouse, the wounded hare, the meanest creature of earth, could excite his feeling and awaken his genius. Whatever were his faults, they injured himself most. To those who think of these I would say, in his admirable verse:

"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone—
Each spring, its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

A century has passed since his birth—a busy century, full of new and wondrous achievements, and events. It has noted many changes, important in themselves and their consequences. What had been deemed imperishable has passed away; what considered famous, become, in many instances, unknown. Iconoclasts, innovaters, reformers are busy all over the world. Even Russia is breaking the chains of serfdom. What some men call unrest is agitating the planet we inhabit. But the light and the power of true and beneficent genius, such as instructs and pleases man in his peaceful and silent hours—these still abide. The lustre of Burns's fame shines unalterably, even like that of the stars. Tacitus and Sallust are renowned as historians; but we can never feel certain that they were not more loyal to their patrons than to veracity. Not so with Burns. The poet is a man of at least three existences; one is a tribute to duty, another to society, the third to his inspiration. Lockhart, Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott, have memorialized Burns in the Old World. American poets have rejoiced to do him justice. One of these presides here to-night, toward whom, as a poet, I may not say what the future will certainly utter; but I claim the privilege of repeating some lines from one usually denominated the "Quaker Poet," whom I could not admire if, like the presiding officer of this assemblage, he did not sympathize with human freedom in all its forms and conditions. John G. Whittier has

adorned his own character, and the hero of this hour, by exclaiming:

"Let those who never erred, forget
His worth in vain bewailings;
Sweet soul of song! I own my debt
Uncancelled by his failings.

"Lament, who will, the ribald line
Which tells his lapse from duty—
How kissed the maddening lips of wine,
Or wanton ones of beauty:

"But think, while falls that shade between
The erring one and Heaven,
That he who loved like Magdalen,
Like her may be forgiven.

"Not his the song whose thund'rous chime
Eternal echoes render—
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,
Or Milton's starry splendor!

"But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer?

"Through all his tuneful heart, how strong
The human feeling gushes!
The very moonlight of his song,
Is warm with smiles and blushes!

"Give lettered pomp to tooth of Time,
So 'Bonnie Doon' but tarry:
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme—
But spare his 'Highland Mary!'"

Mr. BRADY's remarks were greeted with vehement applause throughout; after which the following song, written for the occasion, was sung by Mr. WILLIAM PARK:

THE BIRTHDAY OF BURNS.

BY CLEMENT D. NEWMAN.

Scots, where'er your homes may stand,
Ne'er forget your native land;
Meet this day in friendly band—
Drink his memory.

He who lived and loved and sung,
Scotia's hills and glens among:
He whose harp, so true, hath rung
For humanity.

Spread the board with highland cheer,—
Sing the lays to Scotland dear,—
Fill the glass: we're brothers here,—
Drink to Robert Burns.

'Tis the day that marks his birth,
Bard of Scotland's heart and hearth;
Meet ye then, o'er all the earth,
As this day returns.

Here's to all he loved so well,
Manhood's truth and beauty's spell,
Fatherland, its hill and dell,
Pledge we in his name.

Here's to Burns: fill high! fill high!
Drink till every glass is dry:
Memory's tear in every eye
Keepeth fresh his fame.

The Honorary Chairman then announced the second regular toast:

The Genius of Burns.—Risen above the dust and clouds of earthly frailty and misfortune, it shines, a fixed star in the heavens, and sings as it shines, to cheer the heart of friendship and love, mercy and truth, liberty and humanity; an hundred years are proof that its light belongs

not only to his own day, but to all time; and not only to Scotland, but to mankind.

Music—"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."

Rev. SAMUEL OSGOOD rose to respond.

SPEECH OF REV. MR. OSGOOD.

The subject given me by this sentiment, Mr. President, has one fault, as uncommon as it is weighty. It is the fault of being too good, so good that it speaks too well for itself to need any thing to be said for it. Surely the genius of Burns has sung itself into the human heart; and if any man questions its quality, the best answer to the question is a strain of the poet's own music—that will be quite sure to set the doubter himself singing in unison. But good as the topic is of itself, without any added words, I am in for a speech; and my great hope is that the man, with the occasion, may give a little inspiration to lips not claiming the "faculty divine," as the touch of a master hand gives life to the pipes of the organ, and wrings melody from dull lead and wood. Upon this principle, it may not be presumptuous in me to speak here to-night; and if your presence, honored sir, in the Chair, might call for modest silence from others upon that gentle art poetic, in which you are our master, why may not this fact work quite the other way, and lead a poor proser to hope that he may catch a little of your fire by sitting near enough to the Chair to feel the electric spark from that direction. Although wooden tables may not venture, as they are said to do, to move and talk under the action of departed spirits, surely our heads must be worse than wooden if we are not mediums now, and our brains are not entranced, and our tongues are not

electrified by the spell of this hour, when the voice of Bryant calls on us to commune with the spirit of Burns.

The sentiment, sir, says that the genius of Burns belongs not only to Scotland, but to mankind. Whether mankind really owns the property or not, it is very clear that it has taken possession, and does not mean to let go. We have got the poet by heart, and we mean to keep him there. If Scotland has him, we have him, too; and if she tries, as she will not do, to keep him to herself, she cannot show her treasure without renouncing her monopoly, or without opening her coffer to the nations, and so giving to every one that hath an eye or an ear, a gift in its own nature of universal meaning and worth, those words, winged as doves, and precious as "apples of gold in pictures of silver." As well try to make private property of a star in heaven, as of a bright genius; for genius, like the stars, belongs to every eye that sees it, and all own the light who walk in its shining. What better proves that this bard belongs to us all, than this occasion itself? We meet here, men of every trade, profession, country, and creed, to keep this festival of a ploughman's birth; and whilst we hold our genial fellowship together, we catch thrills of kindred feeling from brethren in all the great American cities, whose greetings come flashing along the electric wires; and, perhaps, before the night is through, the Atlantic Cable may wake up at the thrill of so many harp-strings—nay, make one string in the great harpsichord of the nations. The silent De Sauty may bring to us, through the cold bed of the ocean, some pulses of the heart of old Scotland, that shall make us, here on the banks of the Hudson, brothers all with the poet's own countrymen, now met on the Frith of Forth, by the waters of the Tweed, and the banks and braes of bonnie Doon. In fact, no literary festival that ever took place on earth, probably, had so broad an

interest as this; and over the whole globe, wherever our tongue is spoken, or British or American institutions are known there will be some genial souls to speak tenderly with us the great minstrel's name. If the drum-beat of Britain circles the world continually, and the sunrise in every longitude is saluted by the reveille of her armies and fleets, who shall tell the circle of the heart-beat of her language—our language, as well as hers? Wherever that great heart beats this night, its blood quickens at the name of Robert Burns. The drums of the two great empires have not always, as now, sounded peaceful notes to each other; but in the heart-beat of to-night there is no jarring, either in remembrance or anticipation.

New York, surely, has rightly her part in this great festival; and no where this side of the Atlantic has Scotland so many sons and friends as here. The poet himself once thought of this city, and in his lines, "When Guilford good our pilot stood," gives a hint of our present occupation:

> Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage,
> Was kept at Boston ha', man,
> Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
> To Philadelphia, man;
> Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin,
> Guid Christian blood to draw, man;
> But at New York, wi' knife and fork,
> Sirloin he hacked sma', man.

But, Mr. President, I must not slight my mission, nor fail to say something of the poet's genius. What genius is, it is hard to define; and even the men that have most of it do not always seem to know what it is. A Yankee ought to be good at guessing; and, as a full-blooded one, of the Bunker-Hill breed, I will venture to guess that genius is that which makes a man see into the soul of things, and makes others see into them. There is genius in every sphere of thought and action,

from constructing steam-engines to commanding armies—from calculating eclipses to composing symphonies. But, whatever the sphere, we expect a man of genius to see into the matter in question, and so to shape the matter by his own mind that others also may see into it. Poetic genius is that which enables the possessor to see feelingly the soul of things, and so to make them over in thought and word that others, too, may see. Thus the poet, as the name denotes, is a "maker"—a "seer," indeed, but also a "maker"—making the real life of things to be visibly seen by his art. A true poem is a living work, and its art brings out the life of the indwelling and overruling spirit, as trees and flowers bring out the life of nature. Such genius, of course, is a native gift—born, not made; to be nurtured, indeed, by education, but created, not by man's art, but by God's power. It is at once a sense and a force; a "vision and a faculty divine;" a gift of seeing and of shaping; and, like all senses and all forces, it is to be traced to native organization. It works from within outward, with spontaneous life, and, unlike mere talent, it takes its possessor quite as much by surprise as it does the world; so that its best products are more involuntary births than labored manufactures; and when most carefully elaborated, the labor is more upon the dress than upon the body of the creation. In this sense Burns was a genius; and as soon as he could see and think for himself, he felt and betrayed the secret of his gift. It mattered little what he looked upon; he saw the soul in it, and made it speak its soul to others; and under his eye, the daisy or the mouse beneath his ploughshare was more eloquent than the Alps or the Oceans are to men of common mould. The characteristics of his genius I need not undertake to describe minutely, after such masters in criticism as Carlyle and Lockhart have gone over the field. Following a simpler

philosophy of criticism than theirs, let us say that Burns's genius was quite as remarkable for its susceptibility as for its power, and that he was at once mastered by his subject and master of it. His sense was alike genial and clear, alive to every aspect of truth. His will was earnest and manly, eager to follow every hint of nature and humanity—determined to speak out his downright convictions in his words. So he had both kinds of genius—that which is mastered by a subject, or surrenders itself to external influences, and also that which masters a subject and makes it speak out the poet's own manhood.

In this he is more of a poet than his great countryman Scott, who is so absorbed by his theme as to lose his own personality, and so became the minstrel of the old ages instead of the hero of the new age. Burns was both minstrel and hero; and his best poems, while they may rehearse old times, are shaping the new times, and not only singing songs, but striking blows for the days of liberty and humanity that are to come. It is this manly earnestness, together with his tender sensibility, that makes Burns the people's poet; and they love him, not only because he feels for their sorrows and with their joys, but because he believed in making the sorrows less, and the joys more. With all his frailties, his genius was heroic as it was tender, manly as it was womanly; and something of the blood of Bruce and Wallace, that he celebrated in his verse, beat in the poet's own fiery veins. In his earnest manhood, and feminine tenderness, he deserves to be named in the same breath with his brother bard, who was born the same year with himself—Friedrich Schiller. Heaven, surely, was bountiful one hundred years ago, in sending to the banks of the Neckar and the Ayr two such souls as Schiller and Burns. In both, Poetry gained a genius, and Liberty a prophet. We

speak their names together to-night; together they will live in the ages, and sing into brotherhood the tongues and nations which they represent.

Look now a moment at the fruits of his genius, and consider their form and their substance. The form of a man's thought has much to do with expressing its nature and shaping its power. With Burns, the form was not a costume put upon his thought, but a life outspoken. He spoke as he was moved, without pedantry or affectation, and the familiar airs and homely language of his people won new melody and eloquence upon his lips. He did not study versification in grammars and rhetoric, but listened to the airs of old Scotland, that seemed part of the breath of the nation; and he gave back these airs enriched with his own precious thought and sentiment, as some spice-island welcomes the rude sea-breezes to its aromatic groves, and wafts them away, no longer common air, but fragrant as Araby the Blest. He did not hunt the dictionaries for high-sounding words, nor the classics for stately sentences; but spoke his mind in the plain language of his farming neighbors, and found that common speech was more full of vitality and beauty than any scholastic dialect, even as the common earth yields more blossom and fruit than the pavements of polished marble, though inlaid with mosaics. So he formed his matchless style—or, rather, so he let his style grow—and the sincerity and force of his genius spoke itself out in his word.

The substance of his works corresponds with the form, and is to be found in every line that comes in earnest from his pen. He every where shows the same gentle, brave heart; the same clear, manly sense at work to bring us nearer to nature and to man—sometimes nearer to God. How marvelous is his naturalness! I refer not now so much to his wonderful naturalness

in language as in his thought. The tradition is, that St. Francis, the begging saint, was taught by a miracle the language of irrational creatures, and could converse with flowers and animals. But we need no tradition to reveal to us this gift in our poet. He talks to nature as a friend, and as such she answers him; and river, and mountain, flower, bird, and beast, that to so many have a dead language, or a dumb cipher, spoke to him their mother tongue. His favorite flowers chat with him like children—the daisy, the harebell, and the sweet-briar—while the Doon and Ayr, in the swell and cadence of their flowing waters, sing to him of the light of by-gone days, like old friends; and the Highland hills stand up before him like ministering priests of God, lifting up to heaven the solemn litanies of ages. The animals talked to him and through him in a marvelous way; and what he has said of the mouse, the dogs, the old mare, the old sheep, the wounded hare, brings the brute creatures nearer our hearts, and preaches, trumpet-tongued, that neglected part of the Gospel—mercy to the races below us. Remember that mercy. Remember here to-night, that he who pains, without reason, any dumb creature, is no brother to Robert Burns.

And what aspect of humanity has not been illustrated by his pathos or humor, his keen wit or stout manhood? Do we speak of friendship?—read the Elegy on Glencairn, or sing "Auld Lang Syne." Is love the theme?—without referring to those passages in the Poet's life, when he, like too many of us, was a tinder box before the flashes of every new bright eye, and yielded to the failing which since father Adam's time has been somewhat chronic with the whole race—own that reverence for woman that runs through all his best romantic songs, and rises into religious solemnity in his "Cotter's Saturday Night." No nobler tribute to wedded love need be paid than in the good

old song, "John Anderson," which sings, in its homely way, the blessed truth that home happiness should brighten with years, and they whom God hath joined together are dearer far as time purges away earthly lusts, and transfigures human affections in the love that is divine and has promise of eternity. In other pieces, as in that to "Mary in Heaven," there is a devout tenderness that mates him with Dante, the great father of modern literature, who found heavenly purity in a gentle maiden's eyes, and in his sadder and riper years was led in solemn vision by her seraphic spirit above the empyrean to the eternal throne. Who shall describe his service to patriotism, or say too much of that love of country that glows in his "Farewell to Scotland" and his "Bruce's Address at Bannockburn?" Where Scotch blood beats, those words of Bruce are a living power. In them Burns has done better service on the field than in the "awkward squad" of Dumfries Volunteers. In those words he fought among the Scotch Greys at Waterloo, and marched to the relief of Lucknow. The pibroch, sounding through the defiles of the hills of India, that spoke hope and life to the beleaguered garrison, in its wild wailing and brave cheer, bore upon its breath more than a remembrance of the pathos and the courage of the Highlanders' Master Bard. Nor was the great sentiment of humanity less favored by his muse. His famous song, "A Man's a Man for a' that," is the Declaration of Independence set to music, and is this night sung round the world. Some there may be who question his claim to be thought a friend to humanity in its spiritual aspects, but which of us can, in justice, deny his title to religious sentiment, or will maintain that, in his best hours, he was a stranger to divine faith? Will not the Cotter's Saturday Night plead for piety and purity ages after the author's personal frailties are forgotten? And what youth can read his poetic letter of 1786

to a young friend, and not call the bard the earnest moralist as well as the genial companion? Such sentences as these are no scoffer's words:

> "An Atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
> For Deity offended."

And, again,

> "A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven,
> Is sure a noble anchor."

Thus, and in passages without number, might we show the real humanity of our poet in its broad and vital relations with nature, man, and God. We might show that, however limited in the quantity of his works, and in this respect inferior to the great poets before his day, in respect to the quality of his genius he has claims to be named with any of them. What he might have done if long life, better discipline, and more congenial circumstances had been granted him, we cannot tell; but sure we are that, in the great characteristics of native genius, what he did places him among the great poets of humanity. He looked upon nature with Homer's clear, open eyes, and into the heart of man with Shakspeare's divining sagacity. He shows us glimpses of Dante's weird diablerie, with much of his more than chivalrous tenderness; whilst in the power of transition from pathos to humor, and from deepest melancholy to gayest joy, the author of "Man was made to mourn," and the "Ode to Ruin," "Tam O'Shanter," "The Jolly Beggars," and "My Heart's in the Highlands," need not ask favor from the greatest admirers of the author of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." This high estimate of the quality of his genius implies no fulsome eulogy of the man, but rather deepens our regret at the fatal errors that brought

him to a premature grave, and blasted his power in its meridian.

Time, however, is the true test of genius, and in its mighty crucible purges away the dross, to preserve the true gold. A century is time enough to separate whatever is merely private or individual in a man, from what is universal or human. The genius of Burns is now put to this test, and we are looking to see what remains of him now that his private fortunes are not our concern, but we treat rather his place in the world of humanity. What relates merely to the individual as such, or merely to the stomach and pockets, does not belong to the race, and, unless connected with higher interests, goes into the grave with the dust of the body. Too many men, according to this principle, leave nothing behind them, and, living for themselves, would seem, but for the light of a holy faith, doomed to perish—mere digesters of food and gatherers of gold. But the true man lives in things universal; and when he dies, the undying humanity to which he belongs will not let him drop into oblivion. Thus Burns lives in that humanity which he claimed as his own, and quickened and exalted by his thought and word.

His genius belongs to humanity, and without the aid of titled patrons or voting senates academical, it has taken its place in the great temple of letters by the same law that lifts the oak above the bramble, and moves the spheres, each in its orbit. There he is, and there he will stay. The genius, whose fragile home, one hundred years ago, when he was a few days old, was blown down in a tempest, now dwells among the Masters of Song, within walls of remembrance that no storm can shake, no floods wash away.

He was a Providential man, and had a mission, especially to his own age as well as to all time. He was born, and lived in

a memorable century—the age in which the old tyrannies and the new liberties struggled together, as never before or since. Two years before he was born, a gifted and marvelous man in the north of Europe, alike a philosopher and a devotee, had a vision of the immediate end of the old world, and the forming of the new age, with its throne of judgment and signs of spiritual power. Whatever we may think of his dreams or marvels, Swedenborg was right in his thought, and the new world was surely in its birth-throes. The life of the common people was to be moved as never before, since the Christian era began; and soldiers, statesmen, scholars, and poets were now to have new work to do, and new topics to treat. What a spell there is upon our memory to-night, as we listen to this music that binds the years together, and brings before us, as in one great drama, the century that now strikes the hour upon the dial of ages, 1759—1859. Who shall describe, or even comprehend, the men and events of that interval? Yet there is method in the madness, even of revolutions; and the facts of the century turn with considerable unity upon a single point—the struggle of popular liberty with chartered monopolies, the conflict between freedom and tyranny. From the struggle, Providence has been leading humanity to new triumphs in spite of either class of destructives, the despots and the anarchists. Autocrats and mobocrats swarm before us in fearful procession, as we contemplate that time of conflicting powers and opinions. Now that the thick of the battle is over, the issue is somewhat clear to us, and we see, on the one side, such autocrats as the Louises, Alexanders, and Napoleons, with their priestly advisers; and on the other side, such mobocrats as the Robespierres and Marats, with their counsellors more steeped in Atheism and Materialism than they. Between the two ranks stand the champions of constitutional liberty, under such leaders as Chatham

and Burke, Washington and Franklin, and the great thinkers and authors who have striven for a social order, humane and reverential. Among these men Robert Burns has a Providential name and place, and he is one of the builders of the new civilization of freedom and humanity. While men were disputing whether there was any human soul and human right, and Atheism was wrangling with ghostly priestcraft, and meeting blind credulity with as blind unbelief, the Scotch ploughman came into the field of debate with his songs of liberty and humanity, and taught the people by heart that there is more mind in man than the schools teach him, and a worth, too, that kings cannot make nor mobs unmake. Though not a theologian, he belongs to the teachers of positive faith; and as his countryman, Thomas Reid, by his *Philosophy of Common Sense*, rebuked the prevailing intellectual scepticism that was making men into materialists, Burns by his poetic fire did the same good work for the Anglo-Saxon people, and set the philosophy of common sense to music. He is one of the great teachers of the belief now so vital and so mighty in public opinion—that there is something in man more than what schooling puts into him, and that the greatest of all wrongs is to crush down the rights and instincts of a human soul.

He sang this principle of the great creed of humanity to moody multitudes almost ripe for bloodshed, and at his word they yielded their madness for mercy, as Saul of old was refreshed by David's harp, and was well. In giving the Anglo-Saxon race the love of liberty without anarchy, and bringing into social and civil life a brave and genial sense of right, Robert Burns was a servant of Providence. He felt within himself the life of the new humanity, and spoke it out even more deeply and eloquently than he knew. The world's field was ready for the great harvest; and from whose lips came the

cheering notes of its spring-time more than from that peasant poet—that spring-bird of the better year of promise and fruit? Now that the great problem of the century is, in a measure, solved, so far as first principles are concerned, we can see the poet's Providential work, and now in our own vision of liberty we hear that ploughman's voice in the songs of liberty that are sounding through the world, and quickening anew the manhood that kindled at Chatham's eloquence, and fought under Washington's standard. He is the poet of common humanity. His notes were, indeed, often merry, and sometimes trifling; but his great songs are marches, not dancing tunes, and by their cheering music our humanity has marched on more stoutly its appointed way. Honor, then, to the genius of Burns! He was not ashamed of us in our common nature with all its homeliness and care. In Heaven's name let us not be ashamed of him. Pity—much pity for the man—pity for him who pitied every creature, from the little mouse to the great devil, that imp of darkness, Auld Nickie Ben himself! But no pity for his genius, so imperial as to demand our homage, and clothe us with its purple and gold! It is God's gift to us, and in common with all like gifts of Providential minds, it proves our birth-right to a domain beyond aught that we can make ourselves. We are great, brethren, not in ourselves alone, but in our race—in that humanity which God has given, and all ages are enriching, and which needs heaven, as well as earth, to hold its treasures. Under the spell of this great name, acknowledge to-night the common bond of humanity; and as the same music that has charmed millions, now sweeps through this hall with its pathos and joy, let it touch within us the chord of brotherhood, leaving no human soul on earth or heaven out of the circle of its fellowship. Let its matchless humor charm us out of our too anxious cares, and let its frequent

sadness soothe rather than deepen our too ready dejection, by moving us to cure our griefs by relieving our neighbor's sufferings as we may. Thank God for the joy and the sorrow of Burns' song. Its joy declares that Sovereign Goodness is over us still, and its sorrow speaks not only of his own struggles, but of that still sad music of Humanity which tells us, if not that Paradise is lost, at least it is not yet won, and we have a long way to go, and a hard battle to fight, before we strike our tents and ground our arms. Gratefully hear our poet's voice in the great company, to whose fraternity a century of years now seals his right, and let his voice sound with theirs. All our great poets are singing for us still, and the morning stars shall cease their song before those eternal melodies are hushed.

Mr. President, I give a closing sentiment:

The Poets of our Humanity—Great in what they have done—greater still in what they are to do for us. They not only charm our quiet hours, but nerve us to work and to wait for the good days coming, with a hand and heart of welcome to every friend of God and man in all time.

The company manifested their appreciation of the power and eloquence of Mr. Osgood's speech by their earnest attention, broken only by impulsive bursts of applause, and he took his seat amid prolonged and enthusiastic cheering.

Mr. GEORGE SIMPSON then sang "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," and being rapturously encored, gave "The Jolly Beggars," with great effect.

Mr. EDWARD M. ARCHIBALD, the Honorary Vice-President, announced the third regular toast:

Scotland—"We love our land because it is our own,
And scorn to give another reason why."

Music—"Here's a health, bonnie Scotland, to thee."

Mr. Charles Gould was called on to respond.

MR. GOULD'S SPEECH.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: No words are adequate to tell our admiration and veneration for the "land of the mountain and the flood;" the land of chivalric honor and heroic courage; a resting-place of freedom; a home and a birth-place of virtue, and talents, and genius—virtue without a stain, talents unsurpassed in the wide range of history, and genius whose centennial we this night celebrate.

Countries are known by what they are, and by what they have done. What Scotland is, and what she has done, the world knows by heart: and that little island claims as her children those who rank with the greatest and best of mankind. The mere catalogue is far too long for mention here. The array of Scotland's statesmen and heroes, men of science and martyrs, authors and poets, crowds the page of history. Woman has taken a proud stand there, and a century ago the authoress of "Auld Robin Gray" gave new sweetness to ballad literature.

What Scott did in raising the standard of fiction—mingling instruction and lessons of virtue with a natural narrative—Wilson, his great contemporary, did for periodical literature. The charming flow of pathos and humor, of wit and descriptive power, of sarcasm and of eloquence, which makes the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* so loved and honored, has made the sayings of Christopher North "familiar in our mouths as household words," and written him among "the few immortal names that were not born to die."

Great in her heroes, great in her statesmen, great in her authors, greater in her great poet. Great as Scotland is in all

these, her children, she is greatest in the stand she took so long ago, and has since maintained so nobly, for freedom and for truth. Her martyr-heroes are a long cloud of witnesses, who accepted death rather than yield their high and stern principles of religious freedom and religious right; and their successors in the sacred duties of piety have done their full part in making Scotland what she is.

> "From scenes like this old Scotia's grandeur springs.
> That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

The central place of honor among Scotland's noble children we this night give—we always give—to Burns; the genius, untaught in earthly schools, who caught his inspiration immediately from the Great Creator, and scattered the heaven-born gift like leaves from the tree of life, to bless his fellow men.

True genius is an inexhaustible fountain of the beautiful and the good. Generation after generation will draw from Scotland's Great Poet, as we have done, ennobling emotions and great thoughts, and still there remains the overflowing supply; and generations unborn will come to the same glorious fountain, and drink, and bless the name and honor the memory of Robert Burns.

> "Nothing need cover his high fame but heaven;
> No pyramids set off his memories,
> But the eternal substance of his greatness,
> To which I leave him!"

Gentlemen of the Burns Club: It is a pleasure to you and to me to greet, on this proud centennial, the two great poets of America, presiding in pleasant fellowship over our pleasant festival. Bryant and Halleck: God bless you both, now and ever! and when your centennial shall come, the lovers of

Nature's Great Poet will love your memories and embalm your names.

Mr. ANDREW S. EADIE, Jr., then sang with spirit and effect, the song, "Scotland, I love thee."

Mr. JOSEPH LAING, the First Vice-President, announced the fourth regular toast, introducing it with a few appropriate remarks; speaking of America as the land most loved and honored by Scotchmen, after their own.

America—Where the dignity of self-government ennobles the humblest citizen, and the march of civilization is commensurate with the extent of territory; while she studies to advance the one, the other can never be retarded.

The toast was received with great enthusiasm and all the honors.

Music.—"Yankee Doodle."

Hon. D. F. TIEMANN, was expected to reply to this toast, but having been compelled to retire previous to its announcement,

Hon. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK responded. After appropriate reference to the toast, he alluded to the correspondence between Burns and Col. Ogden De Peyster, whose name was familiar to the speaker's ears, as that of a native New Yorker, and as the first New Yorker who did honor to the genius of Burns. He concluded by proposing the memory of Ogden De Peyster.

Music.—"Star Spangled Banner."

The Honorary Chairman then proposed the fifth toast:

The Queen of Great Britain and the President of the United States.

The announcement was received with peal on peal of enthusiastic applause, amid which the band struck up "God save

the Queen." Mr. Wm. Robertson then sang the anthem, with great spirit, the whole company rising and joining in the chorus.

Mr. Edward M. Archibald being called on to respond, said: If he displayed any reluctance in responding to the call which had just been made upon him, it was because he yielded to it somewhat in derogation of a well-known rule by which the Queen's health is rarely if ever responded to. Hers was a name which could best answer for itself wherever it was pronounced. This was perhaps an occasion on which it might be fitting to make an exception. But indeed they had put upon him a hard task to speak in praise of one who was above all praise; one who reigned supreme not alone over the liberties and fortunes, but in the hearts of all her subjects, and whose name was hailed with acclamations of profoundest respect wherever it was pronounced through the whole world; one who, whether as a Queen, a wife, or a mother, commanded our highest admiration—our most heartfelt affection. To Scotchmen she should be doubly dear; for, true to the Scottish blood in her veins, see how she loves yearly to revisit her Highland home—to tread the heather—and to wander by the romantic banks of the Tay and the Doon, rendered classic by the sweetest of Scotland's poets. See how she delights to clothe herself and her children in the tasteful hues of the Scottish garb, and to make herself familiar with the homely joys and destiny obscure of the humblest of her subjects. This day, which was also the anniversary to her Majesty of an interesting domestic incident, would, he was sure, be celebrated by her in honor of Scotland's favorite bard, with not less fervor than by the veriest Scot in her wide-spread dominions. It was pleasing to see the name of their beloved Queen and that of the Chief Magistrate of this great country thus associated on such a day as this, when the hearts of the people of the two

countries beat in harmony, and when they celebrated in unison a poetic fame which was their common inheritance and their common property. What could he more do than, as the unworthy representative of her Majesty there that day, to thank them, as he did, from the bottom of his heart, for the honor with which, in this great city of the Western World, where she claimed no allegiance, they had received as they ever received the name of the Queen. Though he had no right or claim to speak on behalf of the President of the United States, he hoped it would not be considered presumptuous in him to thank them also for the enthusiastic manner in which they had received the name of their worthy and able Chief Magistrate.

Mr. Archibald was loudly applauded throughout, and resumed his seat amid great cheering.

Music.—"Hail Columbia."

Messrs. BENJ. F. MILLER and GEO. S. HARTT then gave the song "Huzza for Columbia," with great animation.

The Chairman next announced the sixth toast:

Kindred Associations throughout the World—May they preserve the songs, and disseminate the sentiments of Burns, "till man and man, the warld o'er, shall brithers be, and a' that."

[This toast had been dispatched to various parts of the United States and the Canadas, as the sentiment of the New York Burns Club, to be given simultaneously at 10 o'clock New York time, and had been read out of its order for that purpose; but it is deemed proper to preserve the regular order in this report.]

The toast was received with great enthusiasm, the company rising and honoring it with nine cheers.

Music.—"O, wat ye wha's in yon toun."

Mr. ADAM NORRIE responded. He said:

The Society over which I have the honor to preside, is no doubt included in the last toast, and I beg leave to return most cordial thanks for the compliment to "Kindred Associations." It is true that our society differs from yours in some important respects, having different objects in view, but they are in many respects kindred. They are kindred in blood, most of the members of both being of Scottish origin. They are kindred in a common attachment to "the land of the mountain and the flood," and above all, on this occasion, they are not only kindred but consentaneous in their admiration of the illustrious poet we are now assembled to honor—in this sentiment all are of one heart and one mind—the name of Burns awakens in all our hearts the same emotions of pride and admiration, and I rejoice in the privilege your kindness has afforded me of uniting in this grand celebration in honor of Scotia's greatest Bard.

I well know from youthful and later experience, that there is no name like that of Burns to dissipate the Scotchman's native reserve and waken up the fervid enthusiasm which underlies the Scottish character. It cannot be otherwise, for his name is a household word in every Scottish home, from the theeket cottage to the stately castle. The nursery child listens to his songs, the brown-faced plowboy sings them as he treads the furrow, the pale mechanic mingles them with the hum of his daily labor, and they are joyfully welcomed in the halls and by the firesides of the wealthy and the culti-

vated. Such is the endearing influence of this marvelous son of Genius and of Scotland; such the immortality of the Ayrshire Plowman.

Is it not a wonderful thing, that after a century has passed since his birth, the name of a humble, untaught Ayrshire peasant, born to no inheritance but poverty, doomed to hard labor in his native fields, with no teacher but Nature, and no guide but that which the glorious soul within him provided, should be a spell to gather such an assembly as this, with the chieftain of American poets, a kindred genius, at its head?—and not only here, but all over this wide continent, and in other lands, similar gatherings are held, to pay homage to our immortal bard. Little did Burns think, "when the poetic genius of his country found him, and threw her inspiring mantle over him," that after one hundred years he should not yet have reached the meridian of his fame, and that not only the land he loved so well, but other lands and other races should gather in crowds to do honor to his name.

I wish, Sir, you had selected from among the distinguished gentlemen around me, representing other kindred associations, one of them, to reply to your last toast. Any of them would have done it more justice, while I can only claim an equality with them in admiration of Burns, and in gratification in being permitted to enjoy the delight of this festival. In concluding, Sir, these few words of thanks, I venture to hope that I can in part compensate for the kindness of the Burns Club, by exhibiting for the examination of all present, a very interesting relic of the great poet—namely, a lock of his hair, gathered by reverent hands from his tomb on the occasion of its being opened to receive the remains of his widow. I shall allow it to tell its own story, merely adding that I am indebted for the privilege of exhibiting it here, to the kindness of my

esteemed friend, Mr. Dinwiddie, secretary to the St. Andrew's Society, who himself gathered it, at the Poet's grave, and who values it as a precious relic of departed worth and genius.

[Mr. Richard Bell, of the St. Patrick's Society, handed round the hair. The "lock" is very small, and is incased in a neat double frame, with the following inscription:]

ROBERT BURNS.

On the decease of his widow, in the month of March, 1834, the mausoleum of the poet, at Dumfries, was opened, and his skull exhumed, for the purpose of a cast being taken from it. The writer was one of the few persons who had the privilege of seeing the skull on that interesting occasion. He remembers it was in good preservation, and of unusually large size; so much so, that it would not enter the writer's hat. On cleaning the skull for the purpose in view, a small portion of hair was detached, of which the accompanying is a fragment.

ROBT. DINWIDDIE.

NEW YORK, *January*, 1859.

Mr. WM. ROBERTSON then sang the ever welcome song, "A man's a man for a' that," which was greeted with the usual enthusiasm.

The Chairman then gave the seventh toast, which was duly honored.

The Poets and Poetry of Great Britain and Ireland—Sanctified in the past by the genius of a Shakspeare, a Burns, and a Moore—may their successors continue to advance the march of Intellect. of Civilization, and of Freedom.

Music—"Brave old oak."

Mr. WILLIAM YOUNG, of the *New York Albion*, responded.

MR. YOUNG'S SPEECH.

You have done well, Mr. Chairman, to introduce into your programme this tribute, at once so apt and so comprehensive. And you, gentlemen, have done well also in thus cordially receiving it; for isolation is not part of the genuine poet's nature, and of all the race none was knit more closely than Robert Burns to men of his own vocation. You know, gentlemen, for you have conned over lovingly every published detail of his life, that Allan Ramsay's collection of songs was the *vade-mecum* of his laborious boyhood; and that only six months before his death he spoke of Cowper's "Task" as a glorious poem, and of Peter Pindar as one of his first favorites. If to such as these he gave such honest welcome, how must his big heart have yearned toward the lofty ones to whom the toast alludes, and for whom I am expected to respond.

But what response shall I make?—can I make?—I, who am no practised orator, and unable, therefore, even to understand that marvelous alacrity with which, in Parliament, in Congress, in thronged assemblage, men enunciate the rights or the wrongs of millions born or unborn, and appear, in fact, rather aided than impeded by the ponderous responsibilities that they shoulder. The greatness of the theme commended to my charge brings to me no such aid. I find its magnitude oppressive, its variety perplexing. How shall I grapple with it as a whole—with what portion of it come closely into contact? Would you have me dilate upon the narrative of Chaucer, the romance of Spenser, Shakspeare's drama, or Milton's epic? Or, coming down to more modern times, would you care to hear me enumerate the almost numberless

odes, that have been dedicated by brother followers of the muse to the memory of the genius of Burns? Shall I remind you of Byron's emphatic declaration that one of his most artfully artless stanzas contained the essence of all the love-songs in the world? Shall I labor to draw some far-fetched analogy, between the one poet whose fame we are met to celebrate, and the many whom you have just now associated with him in your libations? No, gentlemen; any such attempt would be alike wearisome and vain. It were superfluous to dwell upon the copiousness and the richness of British and Irish poetry, on the one hand; on the other, upon the unquestionable fact, that all the poetic reach and wealth of the United Kingdom, from troubadours to corn-law rhymers, has failed to produce a counterpart, even a rival, to Robert Burns, in the precincts peculiarly his own. Besides, gentlemen, if your patience would tolerate the stringing together a host of illustrious names with which I might plead some familiarity, I should shrink, in the presence of so many Scots, from affixing epithets to a Motherwell, a Tannahill, an Allan Cunningham, a Ferguson; nor less from marshaling in due order of precedence the Goldsmiths, the Dermodys, the Lovers, the Davises, dear all to a people of quick impulse and keen susceptibility. For these reasons, then—warranted also by the occasion and by this goodly presence—I prefer to invite you for one moment to the ground less familiarly trodden, nor exhausted, I think, by the eloquence of those who have preceded me. Keats was in the right of it, when he exclaimed:

> "Oh! sweet Fancy! Let her loose;
> Every thing is spoilt by use."

You perceive my drift. Not that I would bid you imagine Burns' own ejaculation wrought out to the letter:

"Oh, were I on Parnassus' hill,
And had of Helicon my fill!"

Nor that I would undertake to localize the favored spot, chanted by Wordsworth when a pilgrim to the banks of the Nith:

"Where all that fetched the flowing rhyme,
From genuine springs,
Shall dwell together, till old Time
Folds up his wings."

Not this—not that! Solely, I would ask you to figure to yourselves a conclave of disembodied spirits—of those, I mean, dead masters of our nation's written melody, who have soothed, and enlightened, and animated living myriads through successive generations. Scarcely can I hope to convey to you the same impression; but, through all the fumes of your rich intellectual incense, I see them even now in my mind's eye, even there overhead, bending down upon us, and smiling approval. And why should they not be there,

"If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,"

as Tennyson has expressively worded it? At least it seems to me, under the influence of surrounding accessories and associations, not unnatural that the men of the New World and of the Old should unite for briefest space upon the common ground of the world unseen. At least, too, the conceit has this merit—that each who listens may fill up its faint outline as best accords with his own individual conceptions. On one point alone we shall surely be all agreed. Picturing to yourselves this spirit-gathering—if picture it you can—you hail by instinct the one in the splendid group, installed for this night in the starriest place of honor. His name I need not repeat. For the rest, your own fancies may be brought into

play; mine I will not inflict upon you. Had I time, indeed, I should lack boldness to follow out mine own phantasy. I could not essay to trace the separate greeting of each master-mind above us—to paint William Shakspeare, for instance, recognizing in Robert Burns not one, but a thousand, of those natural touches which make the whole world kin; or Walter Scott modestly reminding him of the fulfilment of his prophecy —"You'll be a man, yet, sir!" I content myself, therefore, with offering you this airy suggestion, in place of citing an abridgment of Johnson's Lives of the Poets, or plying you with a dissertation on the characteristics of British poetry.

Thus much, Mr. Chairman, for the main matter of your toast; but, if I have not already intruded too long, the sentiment with which it closes demands also a word of acknowledgment. You desire that the successors of a Shakspeare, a Burns, and a Moore, may continue to extend the dominions of Intellect, of Civilization, and of Freedom. Have no fear, gentlemen, on that score! Institutions may pass away; Science may be baffled or exhausted; Learning may dwindle into Pedantry; the face of the world may be changed—but Poetry is enduring, and dies not; nay, is gifted with perpetual youth. The Song of Solomon and the Iliad of Homer have come down to us in all their freshness, passing unharmed through long, long centuries of barbaric rule and intellectual darkness. And as it has been, so shall it be, in all events. Poetic pearls of price will retain forever the admiration of the world, if they perish not in the sifting process which each age undertakes for itself. No, gentlemen, this is no new-fangled doctrine, no *ism* of the day. Poets have lived and made their mark—else why this sympathetic crowd? Poets do live—as you yourself, Mr. Chairman, most honorably attest; and long may you live, Sir, to bear personal witness to the esteem in which your high

calling is held! Poets *shall* live—for what says one of them, Thomas Campbell, he who was born a countryman of Burns, but has been somehow drafted—I might almost say impressed—into the ranks of Englishmen? Fervidly and truthfully does he break forth:

> "Yes, there are hearts, prophetic Hope may trust,
> That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
> Ordained to fire the adoring sons of earth
> With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
>
> "Ordained to light, with intellectual day,
> The mazy wheels of Nature as they play;
> Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow
> And rival all but Shakspeare's name below!"

Verily I have faith, gentlemen, in that prediction; for otherwise this pleasant festival would wear to me the aspect of a funeral feast. As it is, so confident am I that the spiritual essence of Poetry will rise superior to the materialism which is crowding us in all the walks of life, that I could almost wish for you that the Spanish proverb might indeed be realized, and that you might each of you live a thousand years, so as to enjoy ten more of these Burns Club Centennial Anniversaries. But if that may not be—as there are no Methuselahs in our days—let us doubt not that those who succeed us will in due time be similarly privileged. And so far as the nation is concerned to which the toast before us directly refers, I may remind you that it furnishes a signal proof that, if intellect and due regard to civilization are requisite in building up the modern Minstrel's fame, so a love for freedom has become an essential ingredient therein. You know, gentlemen, how a graceful remnant of the olden time still maintains a Poet Laureate at the British Court. On whose brow, I pray you, did the Lady Sovereign's hand suspend the wreath, that marks the poetic champion of the realm? Was it a sycophant who was thus adorned? an adulator? a ringer of base metal? a

mere jingler of dulcet melodies? It was Alfred Tennyson! Breathes there a more genuine poet—one who has married immortal verse to sterner truths—one, in short, whose manfulness is more in unison with the manly spirit of Burns? The more I think of this choice, gentlemen, and remember how it was made, and how popular acclaim approved it, the more assurance have I that the genius of British poetry gives no sign of death or decay; the deeper is my respect for the Queen of the Isles; the warmer my regard for my countrymen.

Finally—for I trespass too long—I repeat that what has been, will be. We may look the future boldly in the face. If Cotton be King—as some anticipate—Poets-Laureate will still be crowned with the bays; only, in independence at least, they must be and will be men of the Burns and the Tennyson stamp.

Mr. Young's remarks were greeted with frequent applause.

Mr. GEORGE SIMPSON then sang "The Minstrel Boy."

Mr. J. D. NORCOTT, 2d Vice-President, introduced the eighth regular toast with appropriate remarks:

The Poets and Poetry of America, engraven high upon the scroll of fame —May their influence ever be exerted in favor of Truth, Virtue, and Independence.

Music—"The Old Oaken Bucket."

Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS was called on to respond, and on rising was loudly cheered.

SPEECH OF DR. FRANCIS.

HONORED AND ILLUSTRIOUS CHAIRMAN: It requires a Knickerbocker of some confidence to obey the summons just issued. This is no ordinary meeting. I behold within this spacious hall an intellectual assemblage of the sons of Caledonia such as, I apprehend, was never before brought together in the New

World. I see before and around me, on every side, the representatives of an illustrious people, characterized by the acquisition of varied knowledge, and stamped with the attributes of genius. I see at the board, not only the possessors of wisdom, but the dispensers of its bounties. This magnificent spectacle, with all those beautiful illustrations on your walls, still further illuminated by so many well-known and familiar faces present among you in honor of this great occasion, bespeak a co-operation in the measures of this night, of emphatic significance. I behold, moreover, at this festive board, the enlightened sons of almost every nation, and, more than all, I find a hearty communion in one great object of honor to intellect and humanity.

I have been taken somewhat by surprise at the duty assigned me on this memorable anniversary, to deliver my sentiments on the poetry and poets of America. Mr. President, what can be done with such a theme within the limits granted at this time? Sir, had I offered up a prayer as long as the Heidelburg catechism, I could not have asked for a more copious subject. Shall I take up the dead or the living? Shall the subject be our earliest versifiers, the poets of the revolutionary period, or those of the present day, now flourishing? Most conspicuous during our revolution were Freneau, Barlow, Trumbull, Humphreys; and at the head we must place Freneau. Then follow Hopkins and Osborn, Alsop, Dwight. Of those of our later times, who will dare to enumerate them? The genius of rhyme is a characteristic of our people, and I think that in due season poetry and music will give demonstrations of their mighty influence, to the satisfaction of the most sceptical. In this very presence I see before me two of our most illustrious bards, and the speaker who last addressed you did not exceed the hopes we cherish, when he said that each of them would have centenary celebrations granted them.

Bryant would be remembered as the descriptive poet of our American scenery, and of the benevolent sentiment; Halleck would live in his flow of humor, his satire, and in his illustrations of the times. There, sir, is a beautiful feature in the writings of our poets; their purity, their freedom from corruption and ribaldry. Several of our genuine poets have the sterling merit of having written marvelous hymns, a species of composition justly pronounced of the highest order; and here we enumerate Freneau, Barlow, Bryant, Dwight and Longfellow. But, most appropriate to our present design, how pleasant it is to reflect how happily their noble nature is unfolded in their felicitous pieces on the noble poet Burns. You all know what Bryant has written; you have by heart the verses of Halleck—verses on the Scottish bard as undying as those which Burns himself has penned. I forget whether Drake gave wings to his refined and sensitive muse on the illustrious poet, but our Holmes and our Whittier have enriched our enumeration. All this shows a glorious impulse.

Personally I knew many of our revolutionary and earlier poets, and their peculiarities in habits and manners attracted my notice in my boyish days. Freneau and Trumbull, Humphreys, Alsop, Dwight, are fresh in recollection. I was instructed, by observation, that physical bulk was no necessary element to poetical development; and if a doctor may in this place give a medical opinion, I might be induced to say that the more delicate and refined the human form, the greater seems the inspiration manifested in the divine art in such individuals. Darwin had flesh enough for half a dozen Alexander Popes; Humphreys would have outweighed four or five Freneaus; and my old colleague, Dr. Mitchill, might have swallowed up Drake, who so severely perforated his intercostals in his Croaker verses to Phlogobombos. Something more than

flesh and blood are demanded to generate a poet. But I must leave that to the phrenologist.

I shall not attempt a critical analysis of either the revolutionary poets or those of our own day. I have luxuriated in the society of many of them, and resting satisfied with a solitary opinion concerning one, I venture to say that our Philip Freneau is so identified by patriotism, by suffering, and by his prolific muse, with the momentous occurrences of the war of independence, that his name can never be blotted out from our American annals. His Hudibrastic exuberance will well compare with much of the caustic satire and vituperation of Butler; and the Scotch critic Jeffrey erred little when he said that Freneau might hereafter demand a Grey for a commentator. The most positive fact that we know concerning his adventurous life is, that, like Butler, he was miserably poor—the common lot of the poets of bygone days. The many collections which have been made of the products of the Columbian muse, by different editors, from time to time, evince the fact that the article is marketable and well known. Hence I have the less need of analysis here, and shall rest satisfied that searchers after knowledge on this head may readily gratify their desires by studying the philosophical criticisms by Tuckerman, a brother poet and an essayist of the Addisonian school.

You might infer my age to be a hundred years from what I have uttered, but you will bear in recollection that it was a peculiarity of my boyish and juvenile days always to seek the society of old persons—old soldiers, old tars, old philosophers, and men who had literary renown. By this I think I have given longevity to existence, and acquired much floating knowledge not in books; and with this sort of practical information I have cherished anticipations of the future eminence of my country, in arts, in science, and in poetry. The nation,

I think, has done well in the inventive arts, and I would be most willing to witness the next centennial celebration of some present or future inspired bard.

But I must leave this prolific theme, as I desire to say a few words on the great occasion that has summoned this imposing meeting, this great centennial. The sublime genius and child of song who has brought us together this night, in whatever light he is viewed, is to be recognized as of an order of mortals rare and wonderful, and commanding our admiration by the powers of his intellect and the humanity of his nature. Your search must be long ere you find his equal. Prolific as we are of biographies of the illustrious, he stands almost alone in his eminent attributes. He was, indeed, portion of what surrounded him, but he is yet sufficiently isolated to bear a distinct impress, and to be stamped with an individuality that tolerates no amalgamation. Mr. President, you, in your appropriate address at the opening of this meeting, gave utterance to sentiments convincing to all, that you fully comprehended the greatness of your subject, and with a poet's feelings you generously acknowledged the merits of the noble bard. There was a remarkable fitness in thus assigning to you this peculiar duty. You must well remember the lines which passed between Hayley and the poet Cowper:

> "They best can tell a poet's worth
> Who oft themselves have shown,
> The pangs of a poetic birth
> By labors of their own."

With your kind permission, I will trespass a few moments longer on the patience of this large assembly. Forty-three years ago, I made a visit to Europe for professional advantages. On my arrival at Liverpool, there was some time at disposal ere the medical courses began. I thought it profitable to ramble through old Scotia in the meanwhile. The English

lakes dispatched, and a cordial and most delectable interview held with Southey, at Greta Hall, near Keswick, where the great author vindicated his American feelings and services against the anonymous assaults he had received from some of our public writers, I soon found myself in Scotland, and the names of Dumbarton and Doctor Hornbook, and the story of Highland Mary, first saluted my ears. In Ayrshire, Bonnie Doon, the Twa Briggs, and Alloway Kirk, led to the mud cottage where the poet was born. With a very early relish for the Caledonian minstrel, I was now, by novel occurrences, impregnated with the greater zeal to occupy all leisure I could command to the study of the life, character, and services of Burns, Kilmarnock, the place where his poems were first printed, &c., &c. It seemed to me, from all I heard, that every other name was lost in comparative obscurity compared with Burns'. He was the nation's idol, and every circumstance pertaining to him was the topic of popular discussion. I forbear to be too minute, but I may affirm that the people held him in their heart of hearts, and laudatory strains proceeded from the peasant's lips and the enlightened scholar, with equal love and appreciation of his great qualities and mighty intellect. Were I to specify, as it occurred to me, the most deeply-impressed works of Burns, on the hearts of his countrymen, I would cite Highland Mary and Tam O'Shanter. At Dumfries I was so fortunate as to be introduced to John Syme, the long-tried, intimate and disinterested friend of Burns. This delectable Scotchman, whose portrait, in Wilson's edition, is most happily given, yielded to me numerous facts and details concerning the national poet. Johnny Syme had in fact become the embodiment of almost every thing associated with Burns: he had made a study of the bard; he comprehended his errors, his virtues, his writings; pointed out what he conceived to be

the source of their unbounded popularity; his tenderness, his poetic temperament, and his deep inspiration. I visited the localities recorded in his poems, and could but wonder at the gratification a Scotchman felt when he designated the place where the poor mouse was turned up, where the daisy was crushed, &c., &c. The old blacksmith-shop, where Burns passed many hours, the conspicuous public edifice where he wrote the "Soldier's Return" on window-glass with his diamond pencil, are among a few of my reminiscences.

My visit to Nasmyth, the artist, led to the disclosure that but one painting was ever made of Burns from the life, and that the poet was reluctant to give the painter even time for that. My excellent friend Syme led me to Dr. Maxwell, the physician who attended Burns in his last illness. I thought, from the printed records, that obscurity rested on the immediate cause of the premature demise of the illustrious patient. Dr. Maxwell was very frank in his statements. Burns had been led to the conviction that bathing in the Solway would restore his constitution; and though at the time suffering from mercurial distress, he would listen to no advice to the contrary, but indulged in bathing for three or four days, when acute sufferings brought him home, where, after three days' painful existence, he died. Mr. Syme's courtesy made me acquainted with Bonnie Jean at her domicile. She confirmed the story of his illness and the manner of his death—a sad narrative, which she gave not without emotion. I passed some hours in conversation with dear Jean: I gave utterance to strong expression in praise of the marvelous talents of her husband, and added that Burns was considered by our American people the greatest genius Scotland had given birth to. She replied, she had often heard the same praise bestowed on him by numerous visitors who called to see her: "Madam," I added, "such is

the current opinion." "That I have learned," rejoined she, "to be the case, *since his death. I was ignorant of it before, for Robert was very rarely at home.*" Poor Jean said she had parted with every scrap of paper on which Burns had written; so many had solicited even the smallest fragment of his composition—a word, a sentence sufficed. She searched, however, for a while, and fortunately brought to my inspection some five or six lines of his manuscript, three words of which she gave me, "Go tell Gilbert."

I shall conclude with stating that this night forty-three years ago I was honored with an invitation to Burns' anniversary, held in Edinburgh. Walter Scott presided, aided by Alexander Boswell, the late Lord Auchinleck. It was a great turn-out of Scotland's eminent men. Prominent among the great festival were Jeffrey, the critic, Simond, the traveler, Wilson (Kit North), Sir George Mackenzie, Jamieson, the author of the Scottish Dictionary, Baird, the Principal of the University, several of the professors, George Thomson, the musical correspondent of the poet:—the Ettrick Shepherd had failed to appear, and the venerable author of the Man of Feeling, Henry Mackenzie, whom I had seen a few days before at the Highland Society, was disabled by illness and infirmity, from making one of the social board. To the sentiment—"The living poets of Scotland"—Scott made a beautiful address in behalf of Campbell.

Mr. Chairman, your occupancy of that chair reflects honor on the Burns Association, and allow me to say that the Club, in their selection, have added to your renown. The reputation of the illustrious bard has swelled with each revolving year, and where shall we find another name in poetic history glorified by such demonstrations as mark this evening, in refined society, and in remotest parts of the world? Burns' vast gifts

first attracted attention in this country just about the period of the popularity of the Della Cruscan school. That has dissolved, while the Scottish minstrel is omnipresent everywhere. What are the ingredients which have nourished to such vigor this extraordinary man? Sir, they were his enlarged humanity. He possessed an elephantine heart; his sympathies with common life, his love of his species, his wide benevolence, his patriotism, his lofty spirit of independence, his inflexible integrity, his unflinching honesty, his deep, pervading religious sentiment toward God and man. He wrote for unlettered men and for the peasantry, and yet the wiser we grow the deeper is our reverence for him; childhood and youth are delighted with him—the philosopher is instructed by him, so deep are his researches into nature. I have heard little said to-night touching his prose compositions. His dedication to the Caledonian Hunt is almost an unequaled specimen of pure English style; his correspondence with Thomson will not suffer in comparison with the best of writers. There is a strain of exalted devotion in him toward his Creator that finds scarcely a parallel among the writings of acknowledged theologians, and his honest sentiments yield to the afflicted and the forlorn a consolation not unlike that derived from the page of Holy Writ. There is a frankness in his expressions of abhorrence against religious hypocrisy that touches the heart of the experienced sojourner on earth. You will pardon my citing a verse:

> "God knows I'm not the thing I should be,
> Nor am I even the thing I could be,
> But, twenty times, I rather would be
> An Atheist clean,
> Than under Gospel colors hid be,
> Just for a screen."

As associated with the renown of Burns, I would crave a

moment's indulgence while I speak of that remarkable occurrence which took place in this our metropolis; the arrival, many years ago, of those striking examples of art, the sculptor's illustrations of the Poet, the group of Souter Johnny, Tam O'Shanter, and the Landlady. That intuitive genius Thom gave satisfactory evidence of his rich capability to unfold in palpable form the imaginings of Burns, and let me add that probably no work in sculpture ever met with a heartier acceptance by our people than these specimens of unlettered talent and intellect. Burns' vast popularity unquestionably swelled the crowds to see and to admire those extraordinary productions, and they found that the chisel of Thom had imparted life and animation to the poet's finest conception, and furnished masterpieces of graphic delineation worthy of a nation's pride. I have often conversed with Thom: some of the best efforts of art may be found in the workmanship of the recently erected Trinity Church, at the head of Wall street. I fear he was too much neglected even by his countrymen. He died some four or five years ago in straitened circumstances. I had the honor to be one of the limited number who attended his funeral. But this late hour of the night, or rather advanced state of the morning, prohibits further observations, and I shall say no more.

Dr. Francis resumed his seat amid great and prolonged applause.

The hour of one o'clock having arrived, Mr. Bryant rose to retire. The President of the Club announced his intention, and proposed his health with Highland honors. This was one of the most animated scenes of the evening, each person standing upon his seat, with one foot upon the table, and cheering with the utmost enthusiasm. Mr. Bryant thanked the company for the warmth of feeling exhibited toward him, and withdrew. The chair was then occupied by the President of the Club.

Mr. WILLIAM PARK then sang, with good taste, "Woodman, spare that tree."

The ninth toast was next proposed by Mr. ARCHIBALD:

The Heroes of Scotland.—Inspired by patriotism and love of liberty, their noble deeds have shed unfading lustre on the land of their birth; and while the patriot's claymore rusts, and his shield hangs useless on the wall, may the valor that wielded them be held in undying remembrance by a grateful posterity.

The toast was received with a storm of applause.

Music.—"Garb of Old Gaul."

Mr. JAMES NICHOLSON (a member of the Club), responded.

MR. NICHOLSON'S SPEECH.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: It must have been a source of pride and gratification to every Scotchman in this assembly to witness the enthusiasm with which this toast has been received.

If this company were all Scots, and seated around one of the many festive boards spread this evening in honor of Robert Burns, in the land of his and their birth, in the land which he so dearly loved and sung, surrounded by monuments of Scottish patriotism and valor, by the places that gave our heroes birth—by the heathery hills where they rambled in childhood, and the scenes where in manhood they fought and conquered, or fell—such an enthusiasm might have excited no comment; but here in the empire city of the New World, and in an assembly where so many different nations are represented, it proves that Scotland's heroes are more than national—that their valor and patriotism have won for them the admiration and gratitude of every lover of freedom throughout the world. When speaking of the "heroes of Scotland," the mind naturally reverts to the names of Wallace and Bruce; not, however,

to the exclusion of her many other sons, who have maintained the honor of their country, and won the proud title of "hero" on many a hard-fought battlefield, from the earliest period of her history down to the present day—from Galgacus to Sir Colin Campbell—but because *they*, by indomitable courage and steady perseverance, rescued their country from oppression, and secured her independence, at a period the darkest in her history—when her very thistle scarcely dared to raise its prickly stem to the light of day, and when the bloom of her heather blushed a deeper crimson, as if dyed by the blood of her bravest and best, that had fallen in defending it from the hoof of the invader; it is because in securing their country's independence they laid the foundation of all the greatness of which our worthy guest so eloquently spoke in his response to the toast of "Scotland"—it is because they left to posterity a noble example of what can be done by true men in a just cause, and telling them more forcibly than words can express, "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

If we turn to the page of history, we find there have been many heroes, both in ancient and modern times, who have led great armies, and won great victories, as great in a military point of view, whose names are almost forgotten, or if remembered, it is only with a feeling of regret, to think how many brave men they sacrificed in their efforts to leave their "foot-prints on the sands of time;" but our heroes fought not for selfish fame, they fought not for conquest, they fought not to enslave other countries, but to save their own; they fought for their birthright, for liberty, for country, for home, for every thing that makes life worth possessing. Their cause was the cause of human freedom: "Their every battlefield was holy ground."

It is this that makes such names as Wallace and Washing-

ton "household words;" it is this that makes them more than national—their fame belongs to no country, to no definite period, but to all time. Their claymores now rest, and their shields hang useless on the wall; but their memories are still dear to us; to them, and such as them, we are indebted for the liberty and independence we now enjoy, and while thus expressing our gratitude and acknowledging their influence in the past, we may still hope that—

"Their names will be,
A watchword till the future shall be free."

Mr. WILLIAM CLELAND then gave the air, "Scots, wha hae," upon the Scottish pipes, amid great enthusiasm, after which Mr. MIRANDA sang the song with remarkable effect, and was rapturously encored.

The tenth toast was then announced by the Chairman:

The Memory of Washington.

This toast was received by the company standing, in silence, the band playing a dirge.

Mr. PARKE GODWIN here made some eloquent remarks, but from the lateness of the hour they were not reported.

The eleventh toast was introduced by Mr. ARCHIBALD, and properly honored:

The Press—May it ever be guided by men pure and upright—the herald of Freedom—the right hand of Civilization—spreading intelligence and virtue among the people, and dispelling the darkness of Ignorance and Superstition.

[This toast, like the sixth, was announced out of its regular order, to accommodate Mr. Greeley, who was to respond.]

Music.—"There's a good time coming."

HON. HORACE GREELEY

responded briefly, but pertinently. He said that it seemed but just that the admirers of Burns should honor the Press, for he would not have been known as he is had it not been for the Press. They say there were great kings before Agamemnon, and great poets before Homer—but what does the world know of them? They perished in the same age in which they were born. There may have been other poets in Scotland as inspired as Burns, whose songs were never heard beyond the circle of their friends.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."

But Burns was more fortunate. Burns' boyhood was passed amid the stir of great events. Had the electric telegraph then existed, he might almost have listened to the roar of cannon at Lexington and at Bunker Hill. In its hour the press has owed much to Burns. It has learned to take the side of the friendless, against tradition and against the privileges of the higher classes. This character it owes to the spirit of Robert Burns. It is well that the Press is deemed worthy of the commendation of his friends. Such recognition will cheer the journalist and inspire the poet. Mr. Greeley closed with the following sentiment:

The Peasant Poet—Great in what he has done for the unprivileged million; greater in what he has taught them to do for themselves.

Mr. Greeley's remarks were warmly received. When he had concluded—

Mr. GEO. MARSHALL sang "The Birth of Printing," an ode written many years since, by Mr. Greeley, for another occasion.

The twelfth and last regular toast was given from the Chair, and was received, as usual, with vehement applause.

The Lasses—Clustering tendrils, twining themselves around man's dearest affections; the pride and ornament of his youth and manhood—the constant and never-failing stay of declining years.

Music.—"Green grow the rashes, O!"

Mr. RICHARD BELL, of the St. Patrick's Society, who was to have responded, having retired—

Mr. EDWARD FISHER (a member of the Club) spoke to the toast; and for a considerable time entertained the company with one of the most witty speeches of the evening.

Mr. GEO. SIMPSON then sang "My wife's a winsome wee thing," with such effect as called for a repetition, when he substituted with equal felicity and good taste "My bonnie Jean."

The CHAIRMAN then called upon Mr. JOSEPH LAING for an original song, written for this occasion, by a member of the Club, as the closing feature of the programme. It was given, as follows, with great applause:

THE KING O' MEN.

BY T. C. LATTO.

Should humble state our mirth provoke,
What folly to misca' that;
The sapling grows a stately oak,
Wi' spreading shade an' a' that.
A hunder years sinsyne in Kyle
The gossips laugh'd an' a' that,
As wi' a cry an' half a smile,
Wee Rab cam hame an' a' that.

For a' that an' a' that,
His toils, his cares an' a' that,
We've seen a plowman crowned at last
The king o' men for a' that.

A sturdy imp an' strong he grew,
Was fond o' fun an' a' that,
But Independence never knew
A braver son for a' that.
A frichten'd mouse his heart wad move,
A gowan crushed, an' a' that,
But woman's e'e and woman's love
They were his muse for a' that.

He seized the lyre when in his teens,
He struck it sweet an' a' that;
He thrill'd the hearts o' Scottish Jeans,
An' wan their love an' a' that.
And now a hunder years hae pass'd,
O' checker'd hue an' a' that,
What he was then an' what he's noo
I leave ye a' to draw that.

He sweeps, a comet, thro' the wain,
Its heights an' howes an' a' that;
An' gathering glory for his train,
As on he rowes an' a' that.
The Prince that ruled where he was reared
His name's forgot an' a' that,
But wha forgets the Peasant bard,
What Scotsman ever saw that?

Let Genius take its mighty swing,
We've seen the day an' a' that;
A cotter rise aboon a king,
The king o' men for a' that.
Then fill your bumpers up, my lads,
We'll drain them out an' a' that;
Wi' three times three for Scotia's Bard,
Wha's king o' men for a' that.

For a' that an' a' that,
His toils, his cares an' a' that:
We crown this night a plowman lad,
The king o' men for a' that.

The President then read the following communication from VAIR CLIREHUGH, Sr., Esq., a former President of the Club, but now of Montrose, Scotland. Mr. Clirehugh was well known to many of those present, and his letter and sentiment received cordial greeting. The following is a copy:

To the President of the Burns Club of New York City:

My Dear Sir:

I have much pleasure in transmitting a sentiment for this great and auspicious occasion, under the impression that it will receive no less a welcome than has been so often accorded to myself from the members of the Club.

Although my voice is no longer heard in your halls, and may never again—"tho' seas between us braid hae roared,"—yet my words may still find a response at your social gatherings, while the memories of the past, as long as life shall last, will ever bloom fresh and green in my heart. I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

Vair Clirehugh.

Montrose, Scotland, 6th Jan., 1859.

SENTIMENT.

May prosperity always follow the progress of the New York Burns Club: may its members, linked in one common brotherhood, ever enjoy the moral pleasures of to-day, and be ever ready to meet sorrow and mischance to-morrow.

The President also announced the receipt of a letter from another ex-President of the Club, Mr. James Linen, now a resident of San Francisco, Cal., which was also cordially honored by the company.

DELEGATIONS, DISPATCHES, AND COMMUNICATIONS.

In the course of the evening, a delegation from the Burns Association celebrating the day at Mozart Hall, New York, was introduced. The gentlemen composing it (Messrs. T. C. Gray, A. Turnbull, and T. F. Bowie) conveyed a sentiment from the Burns Association, which was received with all the honors.

The sixth regular toast—"*Kindred Associations throughout*

the world," as has been previously intimated in this report, was telegraphed during the day and evening to the following places, to be given simultaneously at ten o'clock, P. M., New York time:

Boston, Mass.	St. Louis, Mo.
Philadelphia, Penn.	Natchez, Miss.
Newark, N. J.	St. John's, N. B.
Albany, N. Y.	Halifax, N. S.
Troy, "	Quebec, C. E.
Auburn, "	Three Rivers, C. E.
Baltimore, Md.	Montreal, "
Cincinnati, O.	Cornwall, C. W.
Charleston, S. C.	Kingston, "
Detroit, Mich.	Toronto, "
Milwaukie, Wis.	Hamilton, "

Telegraphic dispatches were announced from the Chair, during the evening, from all parts of the United States and the Canadas, and received with great enthusiasm. It was designed to furnish a complete list of the places from which dispatches and communications were received, and the sentiments conveyed: but as many of the documents have been mislaid, we are compelled to abandon the intention.

After the regular business of the evening was concluded, a number of songs, sentiments and speeches were given by various members of the company, but the lateness of the hour precluded the general participation, which is usually one of the most attractive features of a Burns Festival. At about three o'clock, A. M., the Centennial Festival was closed with the time-honored song, "Auld Lang Syne."

Besides the celebration by the Burns Club, various other

meetings, public and private, were held in the city of New York in honor of the occasion.

The BURNS ASSOCIATION held a brilliant and successful meeting at Mozart Hall, Broadway. DAVID B. SCOTT, Esq., presided, and many effective speeches were made. That of Prof. NAIRNE has been universally spoken of as one of the most eloquent tributes of the day.

The "AULD LANG SYNE" Association also celebrated the anniversary in an appropriate manner. DAVID B. KERR, Esq., presided.

A spirited gathering of gentlemen, numbering over one hundred, was convened at the corner of William and Pine streets. ROBERT ANDERSON, Esq., presided.

These and other more private assemblies fitly represented the admirers of Burns in the great empire city of America, on the memorable 25th of January, 1859.

[The Editor tenders his acknowledgments to the efficient Corresponding Secretary, and other members of the Club, for material and information furnished in the compilation of this report.]

Tributes of the Poets.

THE PRIZE ODE,

DELIVERED AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON, JANUARY 25, 1859.

[It was announced at the Centenary Festival at the Sydenham Crystal Palace, London, that the prize of Fifty Pounds offered by the Company for the best Poem for the occasion had been unanimously adjudged, from among six hundred and twenty competitors, to Miss Agnes Craig. Miss Craig is a young Scotchwoman, a native of Edinburgh. Early left an orphan, she was reared and educated under the care of a grandmother not in affluent circumstances. With praiseworthy industry, and self-cultivation of her intellectual powers, she early resolved to work out her own pecuniary independence. By occasional poetical contributions to the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, she gained the notice and kindness of Mr. John Ritchie, the oldest and principal proprietor of that journal; and for some years she was employed by this early patron and friend on its literary department. In 1856 Messrs. Blackwood published in a small volume a collection of Miss Craig's fugitive metrical compositions, under the title of "Poems by Isa." The author has also been a contributor, under the signature of "C," to the poetry of the *National Magazine*. In August, 1857, on Miss Craig's first visit to a London friend, Mr. Hastings, the honorary secretary of the National Association of Social Science, engaged her services in the organization of the society, and to this association Miss Craig is still attached as a literary assistant. The published transactions of the association owe much to her talent and good judgment.]

We hail this morn,
A century's noblest birth;
A Poet peasant-born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings,
Than all her Kings!

As lamps high set
Upon some earthly eminence,—
And to the gazer brighter thence

Than the sphere-lights they flout,—
Dwindle in distance and die out,
While no star waneth yet;
So through the past's far-reaching night,
Only the star-souls keep their light.

A gentle boy—
With moods of sadness and of mirth,
Quick tears and sudden joy—
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.
His father's toil he shares;
But half his mother's cares
From his dark searching eyes,
Too swift to sympathize,
Hid in her heart she bears.

At early morn,
His father calls him to the field;
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
Chill rain, and harvest heat,
He plods all day; returns at eve outworn,
To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield:
To what else was he born?

The God-made King
Of every living thing,
(For his great heart in love could hold them all);
The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall,—
Gifted to understand!—
Knew it and sought his hand;
And the most timorous creature had not fled,
Could she his heart have read,
Which fain all feeble things had blessed and sheltered.

To Nature's feast—
Who knew her noblest guest,
And entertain'd him best,
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east
She draped with crimson and with gold,
And pour'd her pure joy-wines
For him the poet-souled,
For him her anthem rolled,
From the storm-wind among the winter pines,
Down to the slenderest note
Of a love-warble from the linnet's throat.

But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A King must leave the feast, and lead the fight.
And with its mortal foes—
Grim gathering hosts of sorrows and of sins—
Each human soul must close.
And Fame her trumpet blew
Before him; wrapped him in her purple state;
And made him mark for all the shafts of fate,
That henceforth round him flew.

Though he may yield
Hard-press'd, and wounded fall,
Forsaken on the field;
His regal vestments soil'd;
His crown of half its jewels spoil'd;
He is a King for all.
Had he but stood aloof!
Had he array'd himself in armor proof
Against temptation's darts!
So yearn the good;—so those the world calls wise,
With vain presumptuous hearts,
Triumphant moralize.

Of martyr-woe
A sacred shadow on his memory rests;
Tears have not ceased to flow;
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,
To think—above that noble soul brought low,
That wise and soaring spirit fooled, enslaved—
Thus, thus he had been saved!

It might not be!
That heart of harmony
Had been too rudely rent;
Its silver chords, which any hand could wound,
By no hand could be tuned,
Save by the Maker of the instrument,
Its every string who knew,
And from profaning touch His heavenly gift withdrew.

Regretful love
His country fain would prove,
By grateful honors lavish'd on his grave;
Would fain redeem her blame
That He so little at her hands can claim,
Who, unrewarded, gave
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.

The land he trod
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage;
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod
That could his song engage,
The hoary hawthorn, wreath'd
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung
While some sweet plaint he breathed;
The streams he wander'd near;
The maidens whom he loved; the songs he sung;—
All, all are dear!

The arch blue eyes—
Arch but for love's disguise—
Of Scotland's daughters, soften at his strain;
Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main
To drive the plowshare through earth's virgin soils,
Lighten with it their toils;
And sister-lands have learn'd to love the tongue
In which such songs are sung.

For doth not Song
To the whole world belong!
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,—
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all!

BURNS.

TO A ROSE, BROUGHT FROM NEAR ALLOWAY KIRK, IN AYRSHIRE, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1822.

[By the kind permission of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, we are enabled to give this extract from the poems of FITZ GREENE HALLECK. It was written many years since, and has always been regarded as one of the noblest tributes paid to the memory of Burns by an American. The presence of its distinguished author at the festival at the Astor House, renders its insertion here peculiarly appropriate.]

WILD Rose of Alloway! my thanks:
Thou 'mindst me of that autumn noon
When first we met upon "the banks
And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's bough,
My sunny hour was glad and brief,
We've crossed the winter sea, and thou
Art withered—flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine—
The doom of all things wrought of clay—
And withered my life's leaf like thine,
Wild rose of Alloway?

Not so his memory, for whose sake
My bosom bore thee far and long,
His—who a humbler flower could make
Immortal as his song.

The memory of Burns—a name
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory and her shame,
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest
Forgot—she's canonized his mind;
And it is joy to speak the best
We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage bed
Where the Bard-peasant first drew breath;
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument—that tells to Heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle
To that Bard-peasant given!

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
Boy-Minstrel, in thy dreaming hour;
And know, however low his lot,
A Poet's pride and power.

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,
The power that gave a child of song
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,
The rich, the brave, the strong:

And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
Despair—thy name is written on
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death;
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music, to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
The Poet's mastery.

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments bright and warm,
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage hearth?

What sweet tears dim the eye unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns—though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived—died—in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

Through care and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures—the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel,

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
My own green forest-land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths and urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns?

HIS BIRTHDAY.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[WRITTEN FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT BOSTON.]

His birthday—nay, we need not speak
The name each heart is beating.—
Each glistening eye and flushing cheek
In light and flame repeating!

We come in one tumultuous tide,—
One surge of wild emotion,—
As crowding through the Firth of Clyde
Rolls in the Western Ocean.

As when yon cloudless, quartered moon
Hangs o'er each storied river,
The swelling breasts of Ayr and Doon
With sea-green wavelets quiver.

The century shrivels like a scroll,—
The past becomes the present,—
And face to face, and soul to soul,
We greet the monarch-peasant!

While Shenstone strained in feeble flights
With Corydon and Phillis,—
While Wolfe was climbing Abraham's Heights
To snatch the Bourbon lilies,

Who heard the wailing infant's cry,—
The babe beneath the shieling,
Whose song to-night in every sky,
Will shake earth's starry ceiling,—

Whose passion-breathing voice ascends
And floats like incense o'er us,
Whose ringing lay of friendship blends
With Labor's anvil chorus?

We love him, not for sweetest song;
Though never tone so tender,—
We love him, even in his wrong,—
His wasteful self-surrender.

We praise him not for gifts divine,—
His muse was born of woman,—
His manhood breathes in every line,
Was ever heart more human?

We love him, praise him just for this;
In every form and feature,
Through wealth and want, through wo and bliss,
He saw his fellow-creature!

No soul could sink beneath his love—
Not even angel blasted;—
No mortal power could soar above
The pride that all outlasted!

Ay! Heaven had set one living man
Beyond the pedant's tether—
His virtues, frailties, He may scan,
Who weighs them all together!

I fling my pebble on the cairn
Of him, though dead, undying,
Sweet Nature's nursling, bonniest bairn,
Beneath her daisies lying.

The waning suns, the wasting globe
Shall spare the minstrel's story—
The centuries wave his purple robe,
The mountain-mist of glory!

A TRIBUTE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT BOSTON.]

How sweetly come the holy psalms
From saints and martyrs down,
The waving of triumphal palms
Above the thorny crown!
The choral praise, the chanted prayers
From harps by angels strung,
The hunted Cameron's mountain airs,
The hymns that Luther sung!

Yet, jarring not the heavenly notes,
The sounds of earth are heard,
As through the open minster floats
The song of breeze and bird.
Not less the wonder of the sky
That daisies bloom below;
The brook sings on, though loud and high
The cloudy organs blow!

And, if the tender ear be jarred
That haply hears by turns
The saintly harp of Olney's bard,
The pastoral pipe of Burns,
No discord mars his perfect plan
Who gave them both a tongue,
For, he who sings the love of man
The love of God hath sung!

To-day be every fault forgiven
Of him in whom we joy;
We take, with thanks, the gold of heaven
And leave the earth's alloy.
Be ours his music as of spring,
His sweetness as of flowers,
The songs the bard himself might sing
In holier ears than ours.

Sweet airs of love and home, the hum
Of household melodies,
Come singing, as the robins come
To sing in door-yard trees,
And, heart to heart, two nations lean
No rival wreaths to twine,
But blending, in eternal green,
The holly and the pine!

THE BALTIMORE PRIZE POEM.

BY THOMAS FRASER.

[The Burns Club of Baltimore, some time previous to the Centenary Celebration, offered a Prize for the best Poem for the occasion. The Committee of award, of whom Honorable J. P. KENNEDY was Chairman, adjudged the Prize to Mr. THOMAS FRASER, of Newark, N. J. In the letter intimating their decision, they paid a high compliment to the author. Mr. Fraser is a native of Edinburgh. The *Scottish American Journal*, in a notice of the Poem, says: "It is worthy of the great occasion, and more than worthy of that Scottish muse which, when exiled to these Western shores, becomes intensified both in its patriotic and poetic ardor."]

KYLE claims his birth;—wide earth, his name,
Where climes scarce kenn'd yet, peal his fame,
An' gaun time gayly chimes the same
Where'er he turns,
Now, every true warm heart's the hame
O' Minstrel Burns!

Where Boreas brawls o'er blind'rin' snaw;
Where simmer jinks through scented shaw;
Where westlin' zephyrs saftly blaw,
There Robin reigns;
An' even the thowless Esquimaux
Hae heard his strains!

Dear bonny Doon, clear gurglin' Ayr,
Pure Afton an' the Lugar fair,
Can claim his sangs their ain nae mair,
Sin' lang years syne,
Braw Hudson an' thrang Delaware
Kenn'd every line!

Frae zone to zone!—where'er we trace
The clearin' o' the pale-faced race;—
Where still the red man trains the chase
Through prairie brake,
E'en there his sang wi' sweet wild grace
Rings round the lake!

The lone backwoodsman, as he seems
To ponder o'er his forest schemes,
Hums auld lang syne among his dreams
O' far-aff hame,
An' thinks, God bless him! that the strains
Croon Robin's name!

Mothers wha skirled his sangs when bairns
In Carrick, Lothian, Merse or Mearns,
Are listenin' now by Indian cairns
Wi' hearts half sobbin',
While some wee dawty blythely learns
A verse frae Robin!

Sound though he sleeps in death's cauld bower,—
O! what o' hearts this chosen hour,
Far as fleet fancy's wing can scower,
In raptured thrangs,
Are thirling wi' the warlock power
O' Robin's sangs.

Frae Alloway's auld haunted aisle
To far Australia's gowd-strewn soil;
And e'en where India's ruthless guile
Mak's mercy quake,
Soul-minglin' there, worth, wealth and toil
Meet for his sake.

True hearts at hame—true to the core,
To auld Scots bards an' auld warld lore,
Are blendin—as in scenes o' yore,
Wi' Burns the van—
Love for braw Clydesdale's wild woods hoar,
An' love for man.

Staid Arthur's Seat's grim gray man's head
Bows to Auld Reekie's requiem reed;
While Soutra lifts the wailin' screed,
An' Tweed returns
His plaintive praises o'er the dead,
The darlin' Burns.

Poor dowie Mauchline dights her e'e;
Nith maunders to the sabbin sea;
An' high on Bannock's far-famed lea
The stalwart thistle
Droops as the winds in mournfu' key
Around him rustle.

Dark glooms Dumfries, as slowly past
Saunt Michael's growls the gruesome blast,
Where Scotia, pale an' sair down-cast,
Clasps the sad grun
That haps her loved, and to the last
Immortal Son!

While backward frae the grave-yard drear,
Thought, tremblin' through a hundred year,
Sees Doon's clay cot, where weel hained cheer,
Shows poortith's joy
When Nature's scl' brought hame her dear,
Choice, noble boy.

But soon blythe hope fu' kindly keeks
Within her wae-sunk heart, an' seeks
To tint her trickling snaw-white cheeks
Wi' words that burn,—
Why! when a world her bard's fame speaks!
Why should she mourn!

Wide though the great Atlantic rows
His huge waves, wi' their wild white pows,
To part our auld an' new warld knowes,
Weel pleased, she turns
A westward look, where lustrous grows
The name o' Burns!

Pride, too, though tear-dimmed for a wee,
May lively light her heart wi' glee,
For where, sin' winged earth first flew free,
E'er lived the lan'
That bore so true a Bard as he—
So true a Man?

In him poor human nature's heart
Had ae firm friend to take its part,
So weel kenn'd he wi' what fell art
Our passions goad
Frail man to slight fair virtue's chart,
An' lose his road.

An' we, whose lot's to toil, an' thole,
Though cross an' care harass the soul,
Can cheer the weary wark-day's dole
Wi' strains heart-wrung,
Brave strains! our Burns, worn, but heart-whole,
Alone has sung.

His words hae gi'en truth wings, to bear
Round earth the poor man's faith, that here
Vain pride can ne'er wi' plain worth peer,
Nor lift aught livin'
Ae foot, though tip-tae raxed on gear,
The nearer heaven.

Fearless for right, wi' nerve to dare,
Seer-like, he laid his sage soul bare,
To show what life had graven there,
That earth might learn;—
Yet, though a' earth in Burns may share,
He's *Scotia's* bairn!

An' O! how dearly has he row'd
Her round wi' glory, like the gowd
Her ain braw sunset pours on cloud,
Crag, strath an' river,
Till queen o' sang she stands, uncowed,
An' crowned forever!

Whilst we within our heart's-heart shrine
The man—"The brither man!"—entwine
Wi' a' the loves o' auld-lang-syne!
An' young to-day,
Scotland an' Burns!—twa names to shine,
While Time grows gray!

Scotland hersel'!—wi' a' her glories,
Her daurin' deeds an' dear auld stories;
The great an' guid wha've gane before us;
Her martyr host;
E'en wi' the graves o' them that bore us,
The loved an' lost.

Her sword, that aye flashed first for right;
Her word, that never craved to might;
Her sang, brought down like gleams o' light
On music's wings,
To nerve her in the lang fierce fight
Wi' hostile kings.

Her laverock, in the dawnin' clouds;
Her merle, amang the evenin' woods;
Her mavis, 'mang the birk's young buds;
The blythe wee wren,
An' Robin's namesake, as he scuds
Through drift-white glen.

Her snawdrap, warslin' wi' the sleet;
Her primrose, pearled wi' dewy weet;
Her bluebell, frae its mountain seat
Beckin' an' bowin',
Her wee gem, sweetest o' the sweet,
The peerless gowan.

Her waters, in their sangsome glee,
Gurglin' through cleuch and clover-lea,
Soughin' aneath the saughen tree
Where fishers hide,
An' driftin' outward to the sea
Wi' buirdly pride.

The catkins, that her hazels hing
In clusters round the nooks o' spring;
Her rowan, an' her haws, that swing
O'er wadeless streams,
An' bless the school-boy hearts, that bring
Them hame in dreams.

Her muirlan's, in their heather bloom;
Her deep glens, in their silent gloom;
Her gray crags, where their torrents fume
Wi' downward shiver;
Her braesides, wi' their thistle plume,
Free, an forever!

Scotland hersel'—Heaven bless her name,
Wi' a' her kith an' kin the same—
Yes! Scotland's sel', wi' a' her fame,
Weel's we revere her,
Than him, her Bard o' heart an' hame,
Is scarcely dearer!

So rare the sway, his heart-strains wield,
In lordly ha' an' low thack bield,
Wi' manhood, youth an' hoar-crowned eild,
O'er Scotland wild,
Burns an' The Word, frae Heaven revealed,
Lie side by side.

Earth owned! his genius in its prime,
Now towers in mind's fair green-hilled clime,
Where, mist-robed, Ossian outsings time,
An' Shakspeare smiles,
As Milton, murmurin' dreams sublime,
Looks earthward whiles!

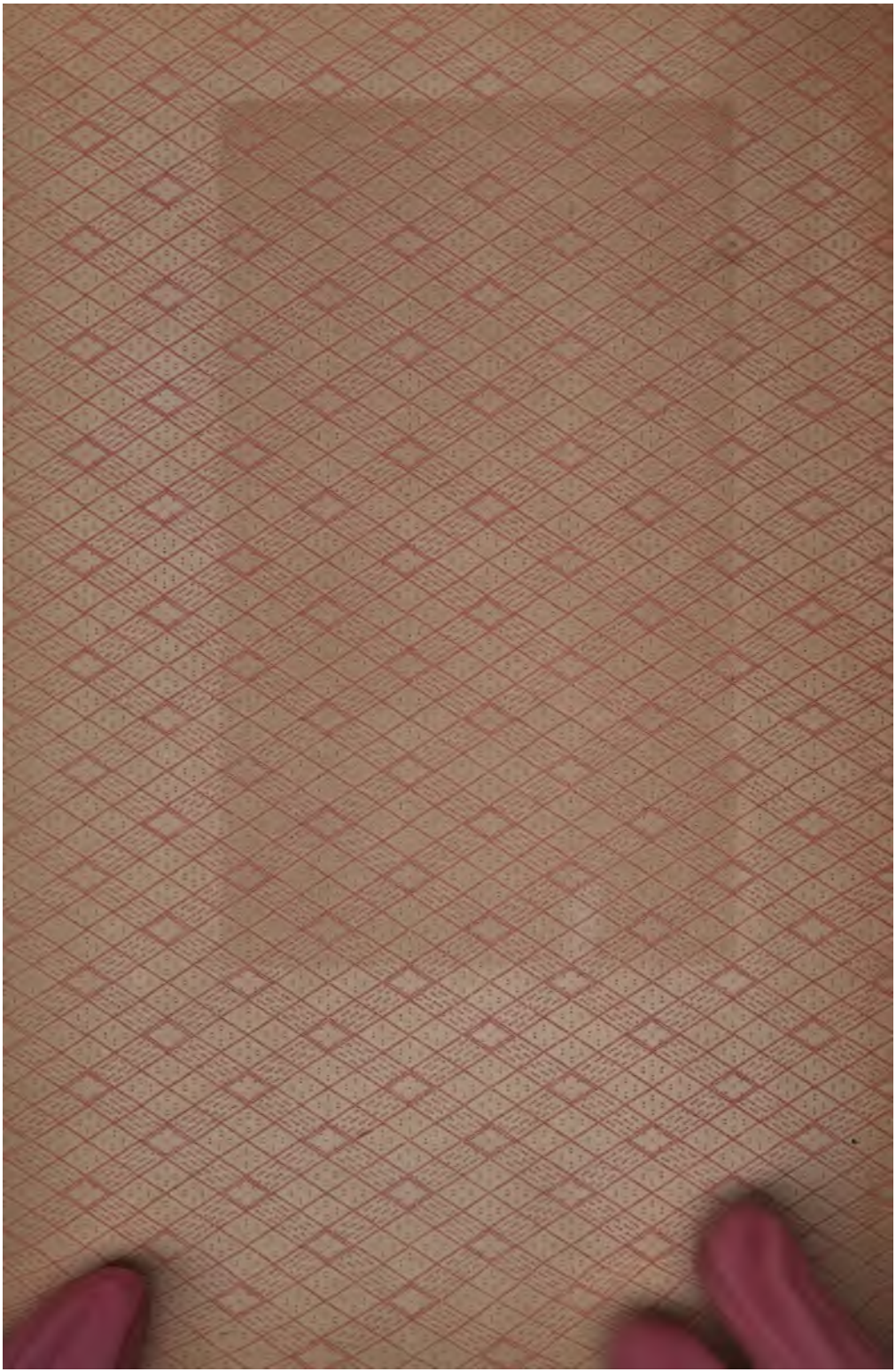
O! hear then, Scot!—though yet you toil
To fill some lordlin's loof wi' spoil,
Or thriving on Columbian soil,
Yoursel' your lord,
Ne'er dim his now bright fame wi' guile
In thought or word!

Spurn a' that's wrang, an' mak' the right
Your haudfast sure, stieve strong an' tight,
Cling there, an' ne'er let out o' sight
The wants o' man,
But, Burns-like, strive his lot to light
As weel's you can.

Ne'er let vile self get grip, to twist
What heart or conscience dictates just;
Straightforward aye act, though fate's gust
May take your breath;—
The man wha fears nae face o' dust,
Needs scarce fear death.

Proud, stern, though gentle as the tone
Breathed through a mother's prayerfu' moan,
Burns scorned to snool round rank or throne,
Fause-tongued an' tame;—
Till death, his heart was freedom's own;
Be ours the same!

THE END.



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